



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

THAT DICKENS TOUCH

AMONG the guests at the opening dinner of the Pittsburgh Branch in October was the Rev. Alexander Sharpe, Vicar of St. Barnabas, Plymouth, on a visit to his brother. Mr. Sharpe conveyed the greetings of the Plymouth Branch, of which he is a member. "We had the British Flag beside the American," writes the Hon. Secretary, "and I am sure the hearts of our friends in Great Britain would have been warned and cheered if they could have heard what was said by the guests as well as by ourselves. You are in our hearts always, but that night we expressed as Dickensians the warm feeling and the sympathy we feel toward you. Our hopes and prayers are with you always."

Similar messages of friendship, admiration and hope pour into The Dickens House, standing like a citadel amid the wreckage of adjacent streets. Personal friends everywhere are here thanked publicly as they have been privately, for their constant sympathy. Other messages from overseas branches will be found on other pages of this number. Many are, of course, much concerned for the continuance of this—and their—magazine. I cite one from British Columbia: "Your fellow Dickensians in Victoria send to all members our greetings and our sincere sympathy for you all in the very trying times you are going through at present; we are wondering if under present conditions the Fellowship will be publishing *The Dickensian* during 1941."

Well, here is the first number of 1941—for the last number, although it will, we hope, appear in the 1941 volume, was published in December, 1940.

OUR FUTURE

Whether any more numbers will appear during the present year depends almost entirely on our good, kind, sympathetic, helpful cousins overseas. Bombs may drop, and difficulties may increase, but so long as there is a printing press to print it and an editor to see that the right stuff gets into it (much material for 1941 is already prepared) *The Dickensian* will continue to appear, even if paper shortage and increasing costs of production necessitate a reduction in the number of pages; but there is one proviso—*there must be sufficient subscribers to warrant the publication without loss.* The magazine has never up till now failed to pay its way; it has naturally lost subscribers in this country as meetings in the majority of the home branches are suspended; but no such cause exists overseas as should lead to a single less copy being sent to the United States, Canada, Australia or New Zealand. I now make a most urgent appeal to every Overseas Branch to make a special point of assisting us by seeing that, if already every member does not receive a copy of the magazine, they do so forthwith. That alone will warrant our continuance. The magazine costs, post free to any address, four shillings per annum. On the American continent that used to represent One Dollar. Now that the rate of exchange is favourable it costs only eighty cents for the four numbers, 20 cents each copy; and I ask again, as I have asked before, whether, apart from its special Dickens interest, there is anything published in America that can compare with it intrinsically? As a mere vehicle of paper and print, does it not cost less than anything you can obtain in your own country? There are still more than half our American branches who do not make a practice of including the magazine (*their* magazine) as a part of the subscription. I know of one branch which proudly boasts of four hundred members; and yet not forty copies of the magazine (imagine it—less than 10 per cent. of the membership) are ordered each quarter. Again I ask the question which has never been satisfactorily answered. What is the reason? Is *The Dickensian* of no interest to Dickens lovers—or are your members not lovers of Dickens or even readers of Dickens? I look to you across the ocean. Do not let me down; it will cost you but little—less than 80 cents per annum if you are on the special rate granted to branches which include the magazine as part of the annual subscription; and you surely are not going to fail us for so trifling a sum.

This note is written in all seriousness. It is up to you! If no *Dickensian* appears in June, the sole responsibility will be YOURS. DO NOT DELAY A MOMENT. IT IS UP TO YOU! I will say no more.

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On the air Congratulations to Miss Audrey Lucas, daughter of our old friend and Vice-President, "E.V.", on her admirable adaptation of *David Copperfield* as a serial radio-drama broadcast by the B.B.C. during December and January. Wireless is specially suitable for this sort of reading-play-with-running-commentary, and we hope it will lead to more Dickens over the air. On Christmas Day

listeners were again treated to an adaptation of the *Carol*, with Philip Wade as Scrooge, and a version of that little-known Dickens ghost-thriller, *The Signalman's Story*, and later in the evening we were delighted to hear "The Cricket Polka," by Jullien, to which reference was made in Mr. T. W. Hill's article in the Winter number.

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Glorious Scars. A few Dickens landmarks in London and elsewhere have suffered in the wanton raids on Britain, and note will have to be made of the extent to which some of these places have suffered. No. 11 Ordnance Terrace, Chatham, where Dickens spent a few years of happiness in his childhood, has suffered "considerable damage." We have, however, not heard that any of his other homes have been affected.

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"Romantic Mr. Dickens." After only eight performances in December at the Playhouse, New York, "Romantic Mr. Dickens," by Henry H. and Marguerite Harper, was withdrawn. If it is the same play that we read a few years ago, we do not wonder at the scathing criticism it received in the "New York Times" of December 3rd. The play is a curious combination of fact and fiction; for instance, the character appearing on the programme as "Dora Spenlow (later Dora Winter)." Nobody should know better than Mr. Harper—for we believe that he is the gentleman who was interested in the first publication of the Beadnell letters—that Mrs. Winter's name was Maria, and that Dora Spenlow was an entirely fictitious character. That very real young lady, Maria Beadnell, does not appear to have any place in a cast which includes Marianne Leigh and Henry Kolle. There is introduced an entirely new friend of Dickens, to upset his domesticity, an actress, Caroline Bronson, a typically American name; who was she?

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An Unmerited Claim. "The Christian World" for 19th December last contained an article by the Rev. J. G. Bowran entitled

"Charles Dickens and Livingstone" attributing to Dickens the review in *Household Words* of Livingstone's first book "Missionary Travels and Researches." The writer of the article was not Dickens, but Wilkie Collins.

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Blank Verse. The writer of "A Bookman's Diary" in "John O'London's Weekly" of 27th December makes some very pointed remarks about the introduction of blank verse into prose writing. "A good prose-writer," he says, "never allows the rhythm of his sentences to fall into repetitions. When prose takes on the regular metrical beat that is proper to verse, the ear is immediately offended, and the reader suspects that something has gone wrong." He gives an example from *Barnaby Rudge* and quotes an essay of C. E. Montague's in support of his statement. "Any professional writer of prose," declared Montague, "soon comes to feel that when he flops into two lines of blank verse running, it shows he is tired, and

ought to knock off work for the day." The writer in "John O'London" thinks that Dickens probably was, as the example he quotes comes at the end of a longish chapter. But examples of Dickens's lyrical prose often occur at the beginning of a chapter, when the writer must have been fresh and energetic, and the famous chapter recording the death of Little Nell was certainly not the work of a tired writer with a fagged brain. There is no authority for stating that Dickens always ended his day's work at the end of a chapter.

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Christmas Card Mottoes. Publishers of Christmas cards have evidently exhausted the stock of appropriate quotations from Dickens that have stood them in good stead in past years. This year they turned to fabrication in lieu of strict quotation. One card from the famous firm of Tuck—who really should know better—gives the following as a quotation from *A Christmas Carol*: "When ever he could spare the time it was Bob Cratchit's delight to carry his little boy Tim out on his shoulder to see the shops and the people; . . . and to-day he had taken him to church for the first time." How *very* freely adapted! Another greeting (publisher not known) runs: "May the gates of plenty, honour and happiness be ever open to thee. Dickens." It doesn't look like Dickens, but it may be, of course! In the "Superb Series" we find "A Pleasant Time—Happy Days ahead. Dickens (*Pickwick Papers*)."

We cannot recall this phrase, but like Rosa Dartle, ask for information. Perhaps some of our readers can help us to verify these "quotations."

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Charles Dickens Street. The Montreal City Council have commemorated Dickens's visit to their city nearly a century ago by renaming as "Charles Dickens Street" the short thoroughfare in which still stands Rasco's Hotel, where the novelist stayed, although the house is shorn of all its glory as an inn.

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Pickwickians Three. The death of Mr. Matthew James Tupman at the age of seventy-five recalls a curious coincidence, says the "Yorkshire Evening Post." Some years ago he was employed at the Leeds General Post Office, and had for a colleague a Mr. Alexander Snodgrass (a descendant of the Bath Snodgrass, at one time a partner with Moses Pickwick). They had not been working together long when a Mr. Winkle joined the staff.

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Play Revivals. The present writer has felt extremely gratified that his quarter-of-a-century old comedy "Dolly Varden" has been revived by the branches in Pittsburgh and in Montreal, in which latter place it will run for three nights. The Toronto Branch also revived "The House of Dombey" (of slightly earlier date) for three performances in November. At least we assume that the play entitled "The House of Dombey" was that written by Florence Teignmouth Shore and Walter Dexter, although no acknowledgement was made of this on the Branch syllabus; and no fees were

forwarded to the authors for the presentation. If it is not the same play, might we remind our Toronto friends that the title is the copyright of the above-mentioned authors ?

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Brookes Cross. The ink was not dry upon the reference to Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross on the last page of the December number, when I learned of the passing of our old friend, too late to stop the reference to his being "happily still with us." Thus do the ranks of the "old originals" become thinned, only Mr. William Miller and Mr. Arthur Waugh remaining. Personally I have lost a dear friend of thirty-six years' unbroken friendship, formed in the first place through the Dickens Fellowship; he was one of the band of four "seventy-sevens"—of which Rust has gone before, and Staff and myself remain; all born in that year; we dined together in state to celebrate our fiftieth in 1927; and planned our next celebration for 1952. In the early days of the Fellowship, when Cross was young and full of energy, his enthusiasm for our welfare and success knew no bounds. Besides his valuable work on the Committee of Management and his many years as a member of the Executive Committee, he took an active part in the work of the Charitable Guild, helped to organise and run the London Branch (1912-1920) and collaborated with F. T. Harry and myself in several plays founded on the novels. His fund of general information made him a lively and ideal companion, and all who knew and worked with him will mourn a loyal colleague.

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A Former Editor. *The Dickensian* has special occasion to mourn the passing of Brookes Cross; he has read the proofs of every issue since I became editor in 1925, and I have been greatly assisted by his advice in many directions. There is another link too, which should not be overlooked. Brookes Cross was once the Editor of this magazine. On the cover for February, 1913, his name appears as Editor. True, it was for that one issue only. At the time it caused a little consternation in literary circles. The reason for it was that Matz was unduly modest, and the Committee fearing that he would not adequately report a presentation that was to be made to him, removed him from the office of Editor for one month only and appointed Cross in his place.

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Lord Wakefield. By the death of Lord Wakefield, a Past President, the Fellowship has lost a great friend, and the Dickens House a munificent benefactor. His memory is enshrined in the House by his gift of the Matz Collection, which included Dickens's Reading Desk, and in several Association Books and important Dickens letters. His was the ever-ready hand to help; even in the midst of the urgent call of war's demands upon his charity, he found time only a few months ago to send a handsome donation to our special fund to support the House during these critical days. A real Dickensian and a true friend.

WALTER DEXTER.

AN EXAMINATION ON BOYS AND GIRLS

SET BY W. LAURENCE GADD

1. What were the names of: (a) The boy who walked on his hands, and looked through the window, so to speak, with his boots. (b) The daughter of a certain Brass and Copper Founder. (c) The boy whose stepmother took to her bed on hearing that he would not eat fat. (d) The infant phenomenon ?
2. Who was known as "Chowley" ?
3. Who was called "Dropsy," and by whom ?
4. Whose sister did Imps at the pantomime ?
5. Name the three Charleys mentioned respectively in P.P., B.H., O.M.F.
6. How did Mr. Weller describe the boy who dined in the washus ?
7. What was the real name of the dolls' dressmaker ?
8. Who were Oliver's predecessor and his prospective successors ?
9. Where was Miss Bule educated ?
10. Who was the boy who aspired to his father's business, and got a fright ?
11. Who was the merriest and most miserable of boys, in a tight-fitting sky blue suit ?
12. Who was burdened with a baby encased in knitted worsted work, and perpetually cutting its teeth ?
13. Who was true to his ancient habit of being everywhere where he had no business ?
14. What was the name of the page whose jacket was too small to hold the regulation number of buttons ; and what name should he really have had ?
15. Which of Pip's brothers had the same Christian name as the child of a militant Scotswoman ?
16. Who said "How lovely your hair do curl to-night, Miss" ?
17. What were Sniike's other names ?
18. Name the pot-boy who was unceremoniously rattled off to bed.
19. Who was the junior and managing clerk of a solicitor, and what was his salary ?
20. Who enacted the part of a fair Circassian ?
21. He was as plump as twenty boys.
22. Name the combatants in fights described in O.C.S., D.C., and G.E.
23. Who played a rousing tune on a small wind instrument ?
24. What was the Christian name of the younger son of the Crummles family ?
25. Who was described as a "Syrup," and by whom ?
26. Who was the boy who consorted with Mr. Smiff in the sawdust department ?
27. In which book is there a boy with the same name as one of Dickens's worst characters ?
28. Name the boy indicated in a song occasionally sung by a sinister character in another book.
29. Of whom was it said "It's a shame to part them" ?
30. Who were the Toms mentioned in P.P., N.N., B.H., H.T., O.M.F., and a mythical one in O.T. ?
31. Who was the old boy whose nickname suggested poultry food ?
32. Who learned what oysters meant ?

(Answers will appear in the next number)

A DICKENS DIARY

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

[The last of the series of four Diaries kept by Dickens and preserved in the Forster Collection contained only fifteen entries. In the reconstructed diary printed on the following pages, the original entries are marked with an asterisk; the other entries are based on contemporary material.—EDITOR.]

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1841.

A painful New Year's resolution; to finish the Curiosity Shop—concentrate on it tooth and nail, and go out nowhere until it is done.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5TH, 1841.

Not home until half-past five this morning, after a tremendous night; two very long Sir Roger de Coverley's, and after supper at eight, some very good charades, including one of my own invention, the "Morning Herald." Drank Punch in considerable quantities. Up at half-past twelve to-day. Must get the No. finished by to-morrow night.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6TH, 1841.

Charley's birth-day; the tremendous age of four. Quiet evening; Forster and Maclise only.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1841.

Commenced new No. Refused several invitations this week; really must go nowhere till I have done; must not disturb the state I have been trying to get into, and having to fetch it all back again. I think it will come on famously.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8TH, 1841.

The story casts a most horrible shadow upon me; I tremble to approach the place much more than Kit, and it is as much as I can do to keep moving at all. Nobody will miss her like I shall. Old wounds bleed afresh. God knows, I can't preach to myself the schoolmaster's consolation, though I try. Dear Mary died yesterday when I think of this sad story.

MONDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1841.

23 Amwell Street, Pentonville, 5 sharp. Forster.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14TH, 1841.

Nearly dead with work and grief for the loss of my child. Read what I had done to Forster; he is hearty and strong in his confirmation of my impression. I value his good opinion and approbation above all; it was he who suggested this ending and I resolved to try and do something which might be read by people about whom Death had been, with a softened feeling and with consolation.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1841.

Found some relaxation this morning in writing a long letter to the aspiring poet and solicitor's clerk at Exeter, in whom I take a genuine

interest ; he is so simple and sincere. But I warn him of the bitterness and anguish that often undertake young men who mistake their vocation and become the very beggars of Literature. Must endeavour to see him if I go to Exeter in the summer.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1841.*

3 18 gal. casks of beer received. The first fit to tap in one month from this day.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17TH, 1841.

Forster came last night, and I read my two days' work. After he had gone, took my desk upstairs, and writing until four o'clock this morning, finished the old story. It makes me very melancholy to think that all these people are lost to me for ever, and I feel as if I never could become attached to any new set of characters.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21ST, 1841.

Macready called with copy of Ethelstan for me to read. Walked to Rogers'. Asked me warmly to spare Little Nell, which wish, alas, I was not able to grant.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22ND, 1841.

In an impossible state ; four pages to fill ; what on earth can Master Humphrey think of. Added here and there to last chapter of the Curiosity Shop, and done needful insertions for the second number of Barnaby.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1841.

Kate taken very unwell at four o'clock this morning ; a night of watching and waiting. Cancelled Beard's visit ; the Haunch must be presented before a solitary carver to-morrow.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24TH, 1841.

Beard and sister to dine at 5. Cancelled on account of Kate.

MONDAY, JANUARY 25TH, 1841.

Not been to bed for eight and forty hours. Had hoped the event would have taken place before now. Patience in this matter and in all others is a sovereign virtue.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26TH, 1841.*

Forster at half past five.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27TH, 1841.*

Stanfield at 6.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28TH, 1841.

Barnaby being an idiot, my notion is to have him always in company with a pet raven who is immeasurably more knowing than himself. Accordingly have been studying my bird, and think I could make a very queer character of him. Kate still in status quo. Sat and

* Entries marked with an asterisk are those of the original diary.

thought all day ; not a line written ; not so much as the cross of a t or dot of an i.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1841.*

Harness at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 7. Evening party at Miss Coutts's.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30TH, 1841.*

Miss Coutts at half past 6—changed to Tuesday same hour.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31ST, 1841.*

Rogers at .

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1841.*

Miss Coutts at half-past six. Parthenon Committee at 3.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1841.*

Dr. Smith at 6 o'clock.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1841.*

Ainsworth at 6.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1841.

What with the delay with Kate and the many goings out to dinner have difficulty in fixing my thoughts on Barnaby, but shut myself up last night and got to work ; if no obstacles interpose, will finish the number Monday or Tuesday.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1841.*

Cattermole at the Athenaeum at 6.†

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1841.

My Birthday ; twenty-nine, and the father of three—and another hourly expected. A snug dinner in the study with Forster.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1841.

Kate safely confined at 12 o'clock ; a jolly boy. She has had a very hard trial indeed, but thank God is now thriving amazingly. He's to be called Edgar—a good honest Saxon name.‡

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1841.

Cattermole at the Athenaeum 6.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH, 1841.

Mitton for Cribbage. Turning over in my mind all day an idea for an Annual. Qy. Cruikshank as illustrator.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH, 1841.

An exquisite morning ; walked round and round the garden trying to think of subjects for next No.

* Entries marked with an asterisk are those of the original diary.

† This was postponed a week.

‡ He was actually christened Walter Landor. Died in India 1863.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH, 1841.

Macready called and we walked to Rogers's and left cards. Visited several auction rooms and viewed many curious articles. Kate now sitting up in the drawing room in a brilliant state. Baby is very fat ; when being washed looks like a plump turkey.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1841.

Cruikshank for a snug dinner in the study at 6 punctual. Off to Brighton to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1841.

Brighton by Era coach ; passed Cattermole's house ; only a poulterer at the door ; wonder if he observed my particular relish with his dinner ? Old Ship Hotel.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1841.

Worked hard till four o'clock. A good morning's work. The story takes good strides at this point. Grip will be strong, and I build much on the Varden household.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1841.

Addled my head with writing all day.

FRIDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1841.

To help poor Overs wrote a special letter to Blackwoods with his story ; fear, though, they may not set much store by my recommendation, as I don't write for 'em.

SUNDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1841.

Macready called when I was in the middle of the *Oliver* preface,[†] and read part to him, to his great satisfaction. I strongly advised him to resume the direction of a Theatre ; he must not let himself get stale.

MONDAY, MARCH 8TH, 1841.

Finished the preface. Forster at 4, and with him here to dine.

TUESDAY, MARCH 9TH, 1841.

Worried over father's debts ; saw Mitton and drew up a "cautionary Notice." Alfred wants to go to New Zealand, and it may be for the best.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11TH, 1841.

The raven was taken ill this afternoon, and Mr. Herring called to administer castor oil which did him so much good that he bit Topping at eight p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12TH, 1841.

The Raven is no more ; he expired a few minutes after noon after walking twice or thrice along the coach house ; he then barked, staggered, exclaimed "Halloa, old girl," and died. The children seem rather glad of it ; he bit their ankles. But that was play.

[†] To Third Edition of *Oliver Twist*.

MONDAY, MARCH 15TH, 1841.

Worked at Barnaby all day ; walked about the most wretched and distressful streets in the evening searching for some pictures to build upon.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1841.

A lazy day reading Swift, and putting away the books I bought at poor Tom Hill's sale. Jeffrey will come to London week after next ; he is full of Nell ; declares " nothing so good as Nell since Cordelia." Think I shall go to Edinburgh this June in preference to Ireland. Such a fortnight—York, Carlisle, Berwick, the Borders, Edinburgh, Rob Roy's country, railroads, cathedrals, country inns, lochs and glens.

MONDAY, MARCH 22ND, 1841.

Dine with Macready. Kenny, Harness, Rogers, Mrs. Jameson.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23RD, 1841.

With Kate in the evening to Macreadys. Met Dr. Elliston, Mrs. Power, Miss Horton, Prof. Wheatstone. Talked of possibly reopening Drury Lane.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25TH, 1841.

Forster did not know Chigwell ; the greatest place in the world with such a delicious old inn opposite the churchyard. We must go there together. Such a lovely ride, such beautiful forest scenery.

FRIDAY, MARCH 26TH, 1841.

Shut myself up by myself to-day to " go it " at the Clock. Kate out ; house peacefully dismal.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1841.

Colburn's audacity amazes me—withholding Landor's essays from Mrs. Macrone's book. Have thrown down the gauntlet, and await results with calmness—the sneaking vagabond.

FRIDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1841.

Star and Garter Anniversary. Forster, Kate and I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3RD, 1841.

Macready called for me and Cattermole at Athenaeum and we went together to Lord Northampton's soirée.

MONDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1841.

Ill with a vile bilious disorder ; very unpleasant, and taken in hand by the doctor with alacrity.

TUESDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1841.

Jeffrey here. Still bilious. Fletcher's bust arrived ; considered by everybody much more like me in the marble than in the cast. Maclise called and full of praise of it.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7TH, 1841.

No done. Commenced another in spite of the fact that the first chapter finished by Friday. Saw Fisher regarding Trevelyan for Saturday.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8TH, 1841.

Called on Jeffrey. He was a good fellow and seemed very anxious to be friends with me about the *Christmas*. Saw Fisher out of the house more delighted than if I had been ten thousand pounds the richer.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10TH, 1841.

"Clock" dinner: volume two. Publishers, printers, artists, engravers, Talfourd, Macready, Harley. $\frac{1}{2}$ past six.

SUNDAY, APRIL 11TH, 1841.

Dine with Jeffrey. Afterwards to Lord Denham's. Finished the *Narrative*.

MONDAY, APRIL 12TH, 1841.

In spite of having a cold, commenced and 8 o'clock of the *Lamp-glass* for Mrs. Macrone's book, this morning.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1841.

A most generous letter from Washington Irving: replied to thank him and to say he had my story and looking forward to exchange frequent correspondence with him.

MONDAY, APRIL 26TH, 1841.

Mr. Francis Smith brought 11 and 12 in number of the *Illustrations* Bulwer to dine here at 7.

THURSDAY, APRIL 29TH, 1841.

Nothing to report since. But for the "current work" as Harriet would say, I have some famous thoughts.

MONDAY, MAY 3RD, 1841.

Ewart⁺ at four. Forster afterwards.

TUESDAY, MAY 11TH, 1841.

Spent a long time of the *Christmas*. Saw Fisher for Lord Denham.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12TH, 1841.

Called on Macready.

THURSDAY, MAY 13TH, 1841.

Milton to dine at 5.

TUESDAY, MAY 18TH, 1841.

The *Lamp-glass* book of the *Illustrations* is now done. The book should be no longer delayed.

+ M.P. for Wigan.

+ Dickens re-wrote his "unfortunate farce" *The Lamp-glass*, as a story, and it was published in "The New Review" for the month of May, 1841.

The *Illustrations* were the 11th and 12th in number for the *Illustrations* of the *Christmas* (which had a name for something for the *Illustrations* of the *Christmas*).

MONDAY, MAY 24TH, 1841.

Mitton dines here at 5. No. Wednesday.

THURSDAY, MAY 27TH, 1841.

Cruikshank. Plates for Colborn.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2ND, 1841.

At Parthenon; met Thompson after supper of broiled bones and with him sat drinking gin and water until 3.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6TH, 1841.

Beard and Marion to dinner.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10TH, 1841.

Finally declined invitation from Reading to stand for Parliament. Apart from expense, to enter Parliament with pecuniary support from a party would be to lose the honourable independence without which I could neither preserve my own respect nor that of my constituents.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15TH, 1841.*

To give mother £4 at the end of the month. To mention allowance, he to pay it. Can he let her have £4 now? Mother to pay you.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16TH, 1841.

Jeffrey not well enough to take the chair at Edinburgh, so Wilson does. My work done, after working hard morning, noon and night and going nowhere; am impatient to start; Fletcher promises ten days in the Highlands, after the Dinner.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17TH, 1841.*

Upcott Books. Harley Clock.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1841.

Scotland.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22ND, 1841.

Meeting all the Edinburgh notabilities: Lord Murray, Peter Robinson, Sir William Allan, Adam Black, Dr. Alison; hotel perfectly besieged. Are very well off at Royal Hotel in point of rooms, two sitting rooms—one for work—spacious bedroom with dressing room adjoining. The castle is in front of the window; noble view. Supper last night would have been a dinner anywhere else.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23RD, 1841.

Morning to Parliament House. Think I must have met everybody in Edinburgh by now. They talk of 300 at the Dinner. Dined at home; afterwards in Murray's box at Theatre. Melan in the Two Drovers quite wonderful and most affecting. Hear they want me at Glasgow—but hope to get away before they send to me.

* Entries marked with an asterisk are those of the original diary.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24TH, 1841.

Dinner and evening party at Lord Murray's.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1841.

The Dinner. Most brilliant success ever known. About 270 diners and 200 ladies in the gallery. They turned away more than 70 people. Wilson spoke famously, although obviously ill. I spoke on Scottish Literature and to the Memory of Wilkie. The effect of the cross table being raised enormously above the heads of the others is tremendous. Impossible for "the distinguished guest" to describe the scene. It beat all natur'.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26TH, 1841.

The newspaper accounts are dismal indeed; Blackwoods promise to publish a special account in a pamphlet. To Jeffrey's place Craig-crook, three miles off, for the night.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27TH, 1841.

At Jeffrey's until the evening when returned to the Royal.

MONDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1841.

Dine at Dr. Alison. Trying to work, but find it impossible.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29TH, 1841.

Dinner and evening party at Sir William Allan.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30TH, 1841.

Yesterday the Lord Provost, Council and Magistrates of this City voted me, by acclamation, the Freedom of the City "In testimony of the sense entertained by them of your distinguished abilities as an author." A busy day to-day and still no work. Breakfast with Napier in the house where Scott lived seven and twenty years; dinner with Blackwoods, evening party at the Treasurer of the Town Council, supper with all the artists.

THURSDAY, JULY 1ST, 1841.

Lunch at Solicitor General's. Dine at Lord Gillies; evening party at Joseph Gordon's.

FRIDAY, JULY 2ND, 1841.

I am a poor Slave of the Lamp and to-day on the second rubbing it has had no response for me. Looking forward to escape on Sunday. Impossible to work or think here; I must fly for my life—or my living—which is the same thing. Dinner and evening party at Robertson's.

SATURDAY, JULY 3RD, 1841.

To Lord Jeffrey's again for dinner. Public appearance at Theatre half-past nine to the moment. Finished a chapter.

SUNDAY, JULY 4TH, 1841.

Left Edinburgh at half past seven with Fletcher as guide. Night at Stewart's Hotel, nine miles from Callender.

MONDAY, JULY 5TH, 1841.

Being tired did not rise until ten ; Fletcher had nightmare. Through Trossachs to Loch Katrine. A glorious scene ; rain, of course, as it never rains anywhere else. Long walk with Fletcher ; Kate stayed behind after a while. Drove wet through to Loch-earn-head four and twenty miles. Stay here three days for work.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7TH, 1841.

Have done three days' good work in two. This house is wedged in by great heights that are lost in the clouds ; and the loch, twelve miles long, stretches out its dreary length before the windows. It is all stupendous.

THURSDAY, JULY 8TH, 1841.

To Killin, eight miles off ; walked with Fletcher to see the waterfall, a truly magnificent sight foaming and crashing down three great steeps of riven rock, and foaming into the dizzy pool below with a deafening roar.

FRIDAY, JULY 9TH, 1841.

To-day we had a journey of between 50 and 60 miles through the bleakest and most desolate part of Scotland, over steep mountain passes and on the brink of precipices. Great patches of snow on the hill-tops. Cold intense ; rain most violent at times. Reached King's House at entrance to Glencoe, at three, nearly frozen. Glad of a hearty meal quickly produced ; broiled kippered salmon, ditto fowl, hot mutton, ham, poached eggs, pancakes, oateakes, bottled porter, whiskey. Glencoe is terrible, the pass is an awful place, shut in by enormous rocks from which come great torrents in all directions ; really fearful in grandeur and amazing solitude. Comfortable rooms at Ballechelish on Loch Leven ; blazing fire as though it were December.

SATURDAY, JULY 10TH, 1841.

Thank God, have done all I can or need to of Barnaby. They speak Gaelic here ; many of the common people understand little English. Couldn't get across the Ferry to Oban owing to gale ; obliged to go back through the terrible Glencoe and Inverouran to Tyndrum. Perfectly horrific in the rain ; torrents deafening ; such a spaet (that's the country word) has not been known for many years. Sixteen miles to King's House in four hours. Reached Dalmally at ten in the evening after wild adventures with storm and flood.

SUNDAY, JULY 11TH, 1841.

Comfortable inn ; rose at ten ; left at three for Inverary.

MONDAY, JULY 12TH, 1841.

Have told the Glasgow people I will come down any day in September or October to accept their honour. To Tarbet this afternoon.

TUESDAY, JULY 13TH, 1841.

Glasgow (Hamilton).

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14TH, 1841.

Melrose. Scott's house and tomb.

SATURDAY, JULY 17TH, 1841.

York.

SUNDAY, JULY 18TH, 1841.

Home. There is no place like home ; and I thank God most heartily for having given me a quiet spirit and a heart that won't hold many people.

MONDAY, JULY 19TH, 1841.

At last the book for Mrs. Macrone is really done. Colburn insists on three volumes. Wrote Preface to-day. May the work prosper and prove a comfort to Mrs. Macrone.

TUESDAY, JULY 20TH, 1841.

To Lyceum Theatre to see Selby's adaptation of the yet incomplete Barnaby Rudge. Macready says Miss Fortescue plays the part of Barnaby with great vivacity and power, and all the town talks of her. I am always aggravated by having my stories anticipated in their course ; it is a disgraceful thing that the law of England should permit it.

SUNDAY, JULY 25TH, 1841.

Forster, Maclise, Macready, Cattermole to dine at 6.

MONDAY, JULY 26TH, 1841.

Unless I keep my mind upon my work, I shan't do it ; and if I don't do it, I'm done. Sticking to it like wax, pitch, glue, cement.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28TH, 1841.

Dine with Townshend—? hour.

THURSDAY, JULY 29TH, 1841.

Beard to dine here (alone) 5.

FRIDAY, JULY 30TH, 1841.

With Kate to Belvedere. Lunched there with Macready, Forster, Stanfield, Maclise. Then on to Greenwich ; visited Hospital. Dinner at Trafalgar.

SATURDAY, JULY 31ST, 1841.

Children go to Broadstairs ; Kate and I follow Sunday.

Confirmed financial arrangement with Chapman & Hall. Total sum £3019 9. 5. free of interest, and not to be called in before 2d. July 1845. They have lien on all my works : £50 weekly from Clock to continue ; all extra profits they appropriate for gradual liquidation of total sum.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1ST, 1841.

Join the children at Broadstairs. Fred with us.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5TH, 1841.

Warming up very much about Barnaby ; Oh ! if I only had him from this time until the end in Monthly numbers !

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11TH, 1841.

Another No. done—all but two slips. I was always sure I could make a good thing of Barnaby ; it comes out strong to the very last word.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13TH, 1841.

Really think I'm getting radical ; I wax stronger and stronger every day ; I don't know if it's the sea air, or no, but so it is.

MONDAY, AUGUST 16TH, 1841.

The brightest day you ever saw ; delightful morning sea-bathing.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21ST, 1841.

With Hall and Forster to talk about the new story.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1841.

When IS Colburn going to publish that book for poor Mrs. Macrone ?

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27TH, 1841.

To town to see Chapman & Hall in evening. Mitton between 3 and 4.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28TH, 1841.

Thatched House. Sir D. Wilkie Committee, Peel in chair—not an idea in his speech. Lord John spoke also—mere commonplaces—a set of words without an idea. Have proposed to C. & H. a pause for a year, they to advance me £150 a month repayable out of share of profits and new novel in monthly parts.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29TH, 1841.

Colburn sent to me last night and again to-day to negotiate my taking the New Monthly now Hook is dead. Of course I declined.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1841.

Maclise came for a few days.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1841.

Chapman & Hall have agreed to my terms and for a year I am a free man.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1841.

To town to see C. & H. Kate accompanying. Signed agreement at Forster's. Clock to cease at close of Barnaby ; new work in twenty numbers not to commence before November, 1842, then £200 monthly on account of three-quarters of net profits ; half future interest six months after completion of book. In meantime, Payment £150 monthly, payable out of above profits.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1841.

Return by boat. Mitton to join ; also Letitia and Henry Austin.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1841.

Have burnt into Newgate ; in next No. must tear the prisoners out by the hair of their heads.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1841.

Dine with Rogers ; Lady Essex also there. Kate cries dismally if I mention America ; but to miss this opportunity would be a sad thing and I am haunted by visions of the journey. Exquisitely lazy, bathing, lying in sun ; everything but work.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1841.

Still lazy ; walks, bathes, lyings in sun. Suggested to Hall a volume—a ten and sixpenny touch—on America after a four or five months visit commencing February. Washington Irving says my going would be a triumph for me from one end of the States to another, as was never known in any nation.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1841.

Have let all the prisoners out of Newgate, burnt down Lord Mansfield's and played the very devil. I feel quite smoky ; want elbow-room terribly.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1841.

I have made up my mind (with God's Leave) to go to America and start as soon after Christmas as it will be safe to go.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1841.

Kate still weeps at thoughts of America. Must try to take the children as well ; hear there are such things as Family Cabins. I could not be happy if we had the Atlantic between us. Fred has got his promotion at the Treasury. Still lazy ; don't care much to get on being so near my resting place.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1841.

A happy note from Macready sent me to Canterbury and then by day-coach to town. Saw him near midnight in Clarence Terrace. He most generously offered to write to Kate that he and Mrs. Macready would look after the children if she would go with me to America.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1841.

Macready's letter worked wonders. Kate quite reconciled. Anne will accompany her. Probably start January 4th.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2ND, 1841.

Met Forster at Rochester—a week earlier than anticipated. Topping met us with carriage. Night at the Bull.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3RD, 1841.

A glorious day at the Leather Bottle, Cobham ; wonderful country.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 1841.

Waite's Hotel, Gravesend ; very good here ; many well-remembered spots.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8TH, 1841.

This morning obliged to submit to a cruel operation cutting out root and branch. Salmon the surgeon says it is the result of overwork and has been coming on these five years. Macready called and sat with me an hour.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1841.

Thank God it is all over and I'm on the sofa again. Doctor filled with boundless astonishment at my vitality. Dictated many letters to Kate.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19TH, 1841.

Out for first time ; to Salmon ; Mitton at 12.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, 1841.

It's a great trial for me to give up Mary's grave for poor George. They would move her on Wednesday, if I resolved to have it done ; I cannot bear the thought of being excluded from her dust ; and yet I feel her mother, brothers and sisters have a better right than I to be placed besides her. This thought disturbs me more than it ought ; it seems like losing her a second time.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28TH, 1841.

Funeral. Went there in advance and looked at her coffin.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND, 1841.

Lunch at Windsor—White Hart—Thompsons, Fanny, Kate, Georgina and I, Mac and Forster. Quite well again.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1841.

Hard at Barnaby ; not quite so well ; the proposed two weeks at Windsor should do much good.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1841.

Must have got Kate's cold, for have felt queer all day and if I had not arranged to come away to Windsor, would have felt quite ill.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1841.

Immeasurably better this morning, but not quite the thing. Have written to Salmon. Must finish Barnaby this week.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH, 1841.

The Eagle have insured me for £5,000 at the ordinary rate. This is a great comfort to my mind. Should I get into any danger during my travels, my darlings are well provided for.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1841.

Called on Macready.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1841.

Composed epitaph for the grave of Kate's Grandmother,† Mrs. Thomson which adjoins the grave in Kensal Green where my dear Mary lies. It is hard to lose those whom we fondly love at any time ; but it is a happy thing to believe that in Eternity there is perpetual youth and happiness for all. The will of God be done. Those were my closing words.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH, 1841.

Macready called with children.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2ND, 1841.

Mr. Edmund Jesse at Hampton Court.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1841.

Dinner party at $\frac{1}{2}$ past five. Macready, Landor, Elliston, Quin, Stanfield, Maclise, Talfourd.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1841.*

Talfourd's at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 7.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1841.

Marjoribanks at Coutts 3 o'clock. Arrange Letter of Credit on their correspondent at New York for eight hundred pounds.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1841.*

Talfourds with us at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 6.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19TH, 1841.

Vow hereby registered to pass the next fourteen days at home and not to be tempted forth for dinings.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23RD, 1841.*

Chapman's at 6 o'clock.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24TH, 1841.

With Forster to rehearsal of The Merchant of Venice, Drury Lane.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 1841.

Brilliant Triumph for Macready. Experiment of the Saloon not quite as successful as it might be ; if the plan is ever to succeed, there must be notices put up that gentlemen must not lounge there with hats and coats—now that it is a place of resort for Ladies.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 1841.

New Year's Eve dinner with Forster. Then, Hail Columbia !

† See *Dickensian*, 1940, page 79.

* Entries marked with an asterisk are those of the original diary.

THE BALLOON CLUB

SOME UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS

THE summer of 1838 Dickens spent with his family at Twickenham, occupying No. 4, Ailsa Park Villas, Isleworth Road, near St Margarets Station (bombed and wrecked 1940).

Forster remarks: "We had a balloon club for the children, of which I appear to have been elected the president, on condition of supplying all the balloons." He also quotes a letter which Dickens, as Hon. Secretary of the Club, sent to him in remonstrance of his neglect of duties.

Last year the Victoria and Albert Museum, which houses the famous Forster Bequest, received from the solicitors to the executors of Forster's estate a parcel of documents which had been overlooked when the original collection was handed over. The parcel contains many interesting letters of Dickens to Forster, and in addition some papers relating to the Balloon Club. First, there is the very letter which Forster quotes. Here it is in full:

Gammon Lodge
Saturday evening
June 23rd, 1838.

Sir,

I am requested to inform you that at a numerous meeting of the Gammon Aeronautical Balloon Association for the Encouragement of Science and the Consumption of Spirits (of wine)—Thomas Beard Esquire, Mrs. Charles Dickens, Charles Dickens Esquire, the Snodgering Blee, Popem Jee and other distinguished characters being present and assenting, the vote of censure of which I enclose a copy was unanimously passed upon you for gross negligence in the discharge of your duty, and most unjustifiable disregard of the best interests of the Society.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant

Charles Dickens, Honorary Secretary.

John Forster Esquire.

Snodgering Blee and Popem Jee were nick-names bestowed by Dickens on his two children, Charley and Mamie.

There are two other documents, one of which most certainly refers to the Balloon Club. It is written by Dickens on the back of a price list of wines of Joseph Ellis and Co., Richmond, and is as follows:

17th June 1838.

Balloon Club.

Mr. Beard	2
Forster	5
C. Dickens	5
Burnett	2

14

Forster	President.
Vice President	C. Dickens.
Honorary Sect.	Beard.

June 17th (dies non) 1838.

To the Editor of "The Times."

Sir,

I beg to acquaint you that on Sunday last at eight o'clock precisely that intrepid aeronaut Mr. Forster accomplished an ascent with his new and splendid Montgolfier Balloon from Gammon Lodge, Twickenham, my residence. "The Lovely" (by which appropriate designation he is known to fame) appeared in the best spirits (of wine) as did the gorgeous machine itself which took a nor' westerly direction, slightly varied by gusts from the East and West. I have only time to add that later the Balloon descended, it most providentially came down; and that the bold Lovely with a cap (my property) was last seen going in high health and spirits in the direction of Saint Lukes.

I have the honour to be, etc.

It will be noticed that this document is dated a week before the letter of remonstrance at the absence of Forster. It probably represents the inaugural meeting of the Club.

To what refers the score which commences the document, we are not able to say. It may be a record of the number of Balloons provided by the respective members or of the number of glasses of Spirits (of Wine) which they had consumed. It is interesting to note that although Beard was appointed secretary at this meeting, we find his powers usurped by Dickens in the letter sent from the Club to its President a week later.

The second document bears the date of March 14th—no year. It refers to a Club of some sort which Forster and Dickens appear to have formed, but it gives no information that would lead us to conclude that it had reference to the Balloon Club; we print it in this place as a possible help to later commentators.

NOTICE

Mr. Dickens on Saturday next March 14th.* to move the following resolutions.

- 1st. That his personal coffee and muffins be from and after the above mentioned date provided at the sole cost and charge of the club.

Upon which Mr. Forster gives notice of the following amendment:

"To insert after the word 'Muffins' the words 'and steak,' and to insert after the word 'provided' the words 'for Mr. Forster.'"

- 2nd. That the assistant waiter be requested to eat his onions after eleven o'clock on club nights; and that the head waiter be

* Probably 1840.

requested to inform the secretary on oath whether his stockings be of unmitigated black silk, or of mingled silk and cotton.

- 3rd. That the balloting committee be respectfully entreated to define their duties and to state whether they hold themselves bound to take wine or malt liquor at their business meetings. If so what wine and what malt liquor and whether owed or paid for.
- 4th. That all books presented to the Club be immediately exchanged for punch, negus or bishop, which the junior Vice President (Mr. Dickens) be requested to drink.

Upon which Mr. Forster gives notice of the following amendment :

“ To omit the words ‘ Vice President ’ and to substitute for the words ‘ Mr. Dickens ’ the words ‘ Mr. Forster. ’ ”

- 5th. That Mr. Dickens be solicited to draw up a code of bye-laws from number one to number seven inclusive ; and that he be requested to take especial and particular care of number one.

Another *jeu d'esprit* which very likely was composed at one of the Balloon Club meetings, is a fictitious love-letter to Forster signed by a certain “ Laura.” Forster was the same age as Dickens (26 at this time) and unmarried.

The letter in Dickens's handwriting is written on a sheet of paper bearing the name of the White Hart Hotel at Windsor, but the printed heading is crossed through.

July 27th, 1838.

Dear Sir,

Poets tell us that love is blind ; I fear indifference is more so. It is many months since I sent you a slight gage d'amour ; it is many years (do not be alarmed, I am still very young) since I first became acquainted with your worth and excellence. I have seen you—met you—read your works—heard you speak—listened in a breathless state to your eloquent and manly expression of sentiments which do you honour, and still by no word or sign have I discovered that you recognised in me the giver of the simple worthless riding whip which I have often seen in your hand, and once (when you dropped it) nearly touched.

Mr. Forster—Dear Mr. Forster—let me say, as it is but on paper, and through the distant medium of an anonymous communication—I have loved you, and could have wished, and have wished with all a woman's ardour, that you were mine. You are no ordinary man. When I tell you this, believe that love—a love which I am not ashamed, but proud, since its object exalts even that great passion—has rendered me superior to the common foibles of my sex. I love you still, but I know neither jealousy, envy nor hatred. You love another. Heaven send you may be happy—as happy, Mr. Forster, as you desire. As happy as in the wildest dream of your youth you can ever have hoped to become.

I have but one object in writing, and that is soon stated. I might say two, since it will be a consolation to know that your eye traces these lines—but I will not—. Think me capricious—strange—romantic—what you will—but when this engagement

arising out of the acquaintance you have recently formed, is ratified (it may be already, I have no reason to doubt it) return that whip to the booking office of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, directed "To T.B.K. to be called for." I shall receive it within four and twenty hours. The reflection that you have used it, kept it, had it by you, looked upon it, wondered whence it came, and perhaps proud of it at times, support me under the heavy infliction of knowing that you are another's.

Dear Mr. Forster, bless you. In the society of your future wife and your excellent friends Mr. Dickens, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and Mr. Macready, who respect and admire you as a kindred spirit, and find their — mirrored in your own. May you be happy;—happier Dear Mr. Forster than

LAURA.

Who Laura was—even if she existed at all—we cannot say; but there was a Laura in the Dickens circle of a few years later; she was the daughter of William Cubitt, and later married Sir Joseph Olliffe.

D. HUBBLE UDY.

THE SOLACE OF DICKENS

MR. PHIL HUNT, recently addressing the Los Angeles Branch, said:

"I began to read Dickens at the age of twelve. I have not finished reading Dickens sixty years later. Most of my reading is done in the 'very witching time of night when churchyards yawn, etc.' Dickens had a strong predilection for churchyards; the Cooling Churchyard of *Great Expectations*; Rochester Cathedral Churchyard; Lady Dedlock's Churchyard; Gabriel Grub's Churchyard—and ever so many other churchyards. I do most of my reading between the hours of 2 and 4 a.m., when I should be sleeping or yawning a duet with a churchyard. Then the house is absolutely quiet; the buzz of the telephone or the groans and squeaks from the radio can no longer disturb me. Only the distant honk from an occasional automobile horn, or the chimes from my Master Humphrey in the hall downstairs, or the snoring of my dog in his basket below stairs, are to be heard. I enjoy the solitude of my own room, with door closed and window-shades fastened so the wind might not rattle them—and me. I usually carry upstairs the evening paper and a volume of Dickens, *Pickwick*. I have always maintained no one was ever *better* acquainted with *Pickwick* than myself, unless it might have been a gentleman by the name of Charles Dickens. Well, the evening paper was filled with the horrors of war; of the devastation and misery it has brought and the hatred it engenders. What a pleasing panacea by way of contrast is any chapter from *Pickwick*. And some people say Dickens is old-fashioned. War is old-fashioned. It does not belong to the world of to-day. It is a relic of barbaric days. Dickens was a peace-maker. He was sincere in his endeavour to lighten the burdens of humanity and give cheer and comfort by exposing the tyrants of the social and political world of his day. By the influence of his mighty pen he exposed and finally destroyed those social tyrants and dictators, intoxicated with their prowess, their egotism and imaginary genius whose hearts were branded with infamy, cruelty and hypocrisy. The monument of Dickens will triumphantly and imperishably stand when those of the tyrants, dictators and usurpers will have crumbled into dust and oblivion."

MEMORIALS OF FRIENDSHIP

BY L. A. KENNETH

DICKENS was a man of many friendships, and he gave public expression to his feelings by the dedications of his various novels.

In many of the modern editions the page of dedication is unfortunately omitted, so it may be useful and interesting to recall the form of the dedications, with some brief account of the friends to whom they were addressed.

He was a young man when he published his first book, *Sketches by Boz*, and if he had desired to dedicate it to one who was so much better known than himself, he might have selected Harrison Ainsworth, as it was he who had introduced him to the publisher, John Macrone. But there was no question of a dedication for his first book. However, when at the end of that year (1836) he published the play, *The Village Coquettes*, he was prompt in connecting it with J. P. Harley, who played the leading part. "I dedicate to you the first play I ever published," he wrote in a long letter of dedication (reproduced in full in *The Dickensian*, 1937, page 168), adding "you made for me the first play I ever produced"—a reminder of the fact that *The Strange Gentleman* had been played at the St. James's Theatre a few months earlier. There was no dedication to this farce when it was published in 1837.

Shortly before the publication of *The Village Coquettes* Dickens had written—under the *nom de plume* "Timothy Sparks"—a brochure entitled *Sunday Under Three Heavls*; there was prefaced to this an "Address" to the Bishop of London (see *The Dickensian*, 1936, page 272). and although this is sometimes referred to as a "dedication," it is quite erroneous to do so.

When *The Pickwick Papers* was published in volume form at the end of 1837, Dickens dedicated it to Serjeant Talfourd (again in the form of a letter) (reprinted in full in *The Dickensian*, 1936, page 62) explaining that he did so, not so much to mark his happiness in their private friendship, as to recognise his services to literature, and especially his work to secure "authors of this and succeeding generations by securing to them and their descendants a permanent interest in the copyright of their works."

When the First Cheap Edition of Dickens's works was published ten years later a much shorter dedication was composed by Dickens in the following words:

TO

MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD, M.P.,

This Book

IS INSCRIBED

AS A MEMORIAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795-1854) was a poet and dramatist as well as a judge; in his early days he was a reporter on the staff of *The Times*. He was made Serjeant in 1833, and became M.P. in 1835, introducing the Custody of Infants Bill and, later, the Copyright Bill in which Dickens took so great an interest. His tragedy, "Ion," was produced the year before *Pickwick* made its appearance. At the dinner to celebrate the conclusion of that work, Talfourd occupied the vice-chair and proposed Dickens's health. When he died in 1854 Dickens paid a noble tribute to his memory in *Household Words*. "So amiable a man, so gentle, so sweet tempered, and of such noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labours and their reward, is very rare upon this earth," he wrote. The inscribed dedication copy is now in the Henry Elkins Widener Library at Harvard.* A reproduction of the dedication page with Dickens's inscription will be found in *The Dickensian* for 1936, page 61.

The next book, *Oliver Twist*, remains the only major work of Dickens without a dedication.

That same year a little book appeared without Dickens's name as author. It was *Sketches of Young Gentlemen*; this was followed the next year by a companion volume, *Sketches of Young Couples*. Neither was dedicated in the usual way, but the volume on the Young Gentlemen was dedicated to the Young Ladies in a long facetious "address."

We have always thought it peculiarly fitting that the next novel, *Nicholas Nickleby*, which introduced the famous Crummles Company to the world, should have been dedicated to Macready.

TO

W. C. MACREADY, ESQ.,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF ADMIRATION AND REGARD,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

It was through Forster that Dickens obtained a personal introduction to the great tragedian whom he had often watched on the stage.

William Charles Macready (1793-1873) first appeared in Birmingham as Romeo in 1810. Six years later he made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, London, where in 1819 his Richard III raised

* We are indebted to Count de Suzannet for this and all later information in this article respecting the present whereabouts of the very valuable dedication copies.—The Editor.

him to the undisputed head of his profession. He took leave of the stage at Drury Lane in 1851. Both men had wonderful admiration for each other as their written and spoken words plainly testify, and were often in one another's company.

While the publication of *Nickleby* was still in progress a dinner was given to Macready by the Shakespeare Club on March 30th, 1839, when Dickens presided and proposed the toast of the evening. Two years later, on the termination of Macready's management at Covent Garden, a public banquet was arranged, and Dickens again made a memorable speech in his honour.

Macready stood godfather to Dickens's daughter, Kate (Mrs. Perugini), christened Kate Macready Dickens, and Dickens sponsored Macready's son Henry.

The copy of *Nicholas Nickleby* presented to Macready on publication is in the Widener Library at Harvard. It is not inscribed, but is accompanied by a special letter of presentation.

In *Master Humphrey's Clock* Dickens reverted to the letter-form in dedicating the first volume to Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), the banker and poet.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS ESQUIRE

MY DEAR SIR,

Let me have my Pleasures of Memory in connection with this book, by dedicating it to a Poet whose writings (as all the world knows) are replete with generous and earnest feeling; and to a man whose daily life (as all the world does not know) is one of active sympathy with the poorest and humblest of his kind.

Yours faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

The original manuscript of this is preserved in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, together with the MS. of another and unused form of dedication, as follows:

To / Samuel Rogers / One of the few men whom Riches and Honours / Have not spoiled / and who have Preserved / In High Places / Active Sympathy with / The Poorest / and Humblest / of Their Kind / These Unworthy Pages / are Dedicated / by / His Faithful Friend.

The dedication of *American Notes* (1842) covered a wide field of friendships in the following:

I DEDICATE
 THIS BOOK
 TO THOSE FRIENDS OF MINE
 IN AMERICA
 WHO,
 GIVING ME A WELCOME
 I MUST EVER GRATEFULLY
 AND PROUDLY REMEMBER,
 LEFT MY JUDGMENT
 FREE ;
 AND WHO,
 LOVING THEIR COUNTRY,
 CAN BEAR TRUTH,
 WHEN IT IS TOLD
 GOOD HUMOUREDLY,
 AND IN A KIND SPIRIT.

Several inscribed copies were presented to American friends, but we have been able to trace only those to Cornelius Felton, Jonathan Chapman, Josiah Quincy, W. H. Prescott and G. W. Putnam. The two last-named volumes are in the library of Count de Sazanne; the others have appeared in auction sales, but we do not know their present whereabouts.

Martin Chuzzlewit (1844) was dedicated to Miss Burdett-Coutts, with whom Dickens commenced a lifelong association of admiration and usefulness in 1840. He always addressed her as Miss Coutts, although in this dedication she is correctly described but without a hyphen.

TO
 MISS BURDETT COUTTS
 This Tale
 IS DEDICATED

WITH THE TRUE AND EARNEST REGARD
 OF
 THE AUTHOR.

Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts (1814-1906) was the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, and granddaughter of Thomas Coutts, the banker, whose property she inherited in 1837. She was created Baroness in 1871. Her great philanthropic work, in which she was advised and assisted by Dickens, is well known.

There is no dedication of *A Christmas Carol*: indeed, only two out of the five Christmas Books contain dedications. The following appears in *The Cricket on the Hearth* (1845).

TO

LORD JEFFREY

THIS LITTLE STORY IS INSCRIBED

WITH

THE AFFECTION AND ATTACHMENT OF HIS FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

December, 1845.

Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850) was, like Samuel Rogers, the centre of a literary coterie before Dickens was born: his early appreciation of Dickens, especially in regard to Little Nell, must have been especially gratifying to the rising young author.

There should be in existence several autographed copies of *The Battle of Life* bearing the following dedication, but so far we have been able to trace one only—that presented to Mrs. de Cerjat, and now in the possession of Count de Suzannet.

THIS

Christmas Book

IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED TO MY ENGLISH FRIENDS

IN SWITZERLAND.

The dedication copy of *Dombey and Son* (1848) is to be found in the Widener Library.

THIS STORY IS DEDICATED

WITH GREAT ESTEEM

TO

THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY

Very little is known of the friendship that existed between Dickens and the Marchioness of Normanby, but he was certainly well acquainted with the family, as Forster records many meetings and dinings with

Lord Normanby when he was British Ambassador in Paris—where the greater part of *Dombey* was written. The acquaintance began in 1842, when Lord Mulgrave, as he then was, was a fellow passenger on the *Britannia*, which took Dickens and his wife to Boston in that year. They stayed together at Tremont House, Boston, and it was at the instigation of Lord Mulgrave that Dickens stage-managed the amateur theatricals at Montreal a few months later. Dickens and his wife paid a visit to Mulgrave Castle, near Whitby, in 1843. Lord Normanby took the chair at a dinner in Greenwich prior to Dickens's departure for Italy in 1844.

Dickens dedicated his best-beloved book to a couple of friends with whom he became acquainted during his stay in Switzerland in 1846, and a voluminous correspondence with Mrs. Watson after her husband died in 1852 shows how deep was the affection between them.

The dedication copy is still preserved by the family at Rockingham Castle which Dickens visited on more than one occasion.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO

THE HON. MR. AND MRS. RICHARD WATSON,

OF

ROCKINGHAM, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The first volume of *A Child's History of England*, published in 1852 (the other two volumes followed in 1853 and 1854) contained a dedication to his own children in the following terms:

THIS

CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Is Dedicated

TO MY OWN DEAR CHILDREN

WHOM I HOPE IT MAY HELP, BYE AND BYE, TO READ WITH INTEREST

LARGER AND BETTER BOOKS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Christmas 1851.

We do not know if any copies were presented to the children (there were eight of them at the time) for Christmas presents that year; it is very likely, but so far we have not heard of any being in existence at the present time.

As befitting the subject of the novel, a severe and formal tone was used in the dedication of *Hard Times* to Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881).

Inscribed

TO

THOMAS CARLYLE.

But there is no doubt of its sincerity. When Dickens wrote to Carlyle asking for permission to inscribe the book to him, he said that the story "will shake some people in a terrible mistake of these days . . . I know it contains nothing in which you do not think with me, for no man knows your books better than I." This letter was signed with the usual flourish to the name, with a postscript, "I wouldn't flourish to you if it were not the nature of me."

W. H. Prescott

from his friend

Charles Dickens

October nineteenth 1842.

Inscription in the Copy of *American Notes* presented to W. H. Prescott
(see page 92)

Dickens had been friends with Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., for many years, and a book specially dedicated to him was long overdue. He was present at the *Nickleby* Dinner in 1839, and a long correspondence testifies to the very close association. He painted some of the scenery for the Devonshire House play, also for the later "little theatre" at Tavistock House. When he died in 1867 at the age of 74, Dickens wrote a warm appreciation of him in *All The Year Round*.

Little Dorrit was adorned with this testimony of a long friendship :

DEDICATED

TO

CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.,

BY HIS ATTACHED FRIEND.

The dedication copy was sold at Hodgson's in July, 1927, but the present ownership is unknown to us.

It was now, of course, time that Forster received some public recognition at the hands of Dickens for the invaluable help he had

been to him. So opportunity was taken of the publication in 1858 of the Library Edition of the works to repair the omission, and in the first volume, *The Pickwick Papers*, appears this very substantial recognition. The set of volumes is included in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THIS

BEST EDITION OF MY BOOKS

IS OF RIGHT INSCRIBED TO MY DEAR FRIEND

JOHN FORSTER

BIOGRAPHER OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE

MANY PATIENT HOURS HE HAS DEVOTED TO THE CORRECTION

OF THE PROOF-SHEETS OF THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS :

AND IN AFFECTIONATE ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF HIS

COUNSEL, SYMPATHY, AND FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP

DURING

MY WHOLE LITERARY LIFE.

Dickens's next story, *A Tale of Two Cities*, was dedicated to that famous statesman Lord John Russell (1792-1878) in the following terms :

THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED

TO

THE LORD JOHN RUSSELL,

IN REMEMBRANCE

OF

MANY PUBLIC SERVICES

AND

PRIVATE KINDNESSES.

Lord John Russell's public services, especially in relation to the great Reform Bill, are well known. It was specially to report his speeches that Dickens made his journey to the West of England for the "Morning Chronicle" in 1835. Of private kindnesses there were many. Forster refers to the "statesmanlike attention to literature and its followers, for which Lord John Russell has been eccentric among English politicians." It was due to Russell's interest that Civil List pensions were granted to Leigh Hunt and John Poole on the representation of Dickens.

The Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend (1798-1868) earned this eulogy from Dickens: "I never, never, was better loved by man than I was by him, I am sure. Poor dear fellow, good affectionate gentle creature." Not much is known of their friendship, but letters shew that it dated back to 1840. Townshend appointed Dickens his literary executor, and in accordance with his wishes Dickens edited his "Religious Opinions." It was to him that Dickens dedicated his next novel, *Great Expectations*.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

The dedication copy together with the original manuscript of the story is to be found in the Wisbech Museum.

Bleak House (1863) bears the following omnibus inscription:

DEDICATED

AS A REMEMBRANCE OF OUR FRIENDLY UNION

TO MY COMPANIONS

IN THE

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

We have been able to trace only seven copies inscribed to these companions. That to John Forster is in the Victoria and Albert Museum; those to Charles Knight and Thomas Beard are in Count de Suzannet's library; the one to Dudley Costello was in the library of A. Edward Newton; and copies presented to Augustus Egg, Robert Bell, and W. H. Wills have appeared in the sale rooms during the past ten years or so.

Our Mutual Friend (1865) was the last book to be completed by Dickens; it bears the following inscription:

THIS BOOK

IS INSCRIBED BY ITS AUTHOR

TO

SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT

AS

A MEMORIAL OF FRIENDSHIP

James Emerson Tennent (1804-1869) was a distinguished traveller, politician and author. It appears that Dickens became acquainted with the Tennents in 1853 during the sojourn of the two families in Italy.

Our Mutual Friend, in addition to being published in monthly numbers was, exceptionally, also published in two separate bound volumes. The first volume was ready in January, 1865, when the remainder of the story was still in course of publication. Although the first volume contained the dedication page, Dickens withheld sending it to Tennent, writing in explanation: "As the book is not complete I don't send it to you now. I don't want you to have it from me until the dedication is the culmination of a finished whole. Then, please God, the inscribing of it to you will mean much more, and will better express my love." This letter accompanies the two dedication volumes in Count de Suzannet's possession.

PHILADELPHIA TO CAMDEN TOWN

Two hundred children from the heavily bombed Camden Town district of London were entertained to a lavish tea in January last as the guests of the Philadelphia Branch. This branch has made it a custom to provide good cheer for youngsters at Yuletide. This year they thought of the bombed children of London and sent the necessary funds to the Hon. Secretary. There was no better part of London to associate with this generous gesture than the district in which Dickens lived when a boy, and known to countless millions as the place where Bob Cratchit lived and gave his Christmas Party. Mrs. Newcombe, the Hon. Secretary of the St. Pancras Branch, energetically took matters in hand, and a lavish tea was provided at Old St. Pancras Church Hall. Afterwards the children were entertained in ample fashion by a conjuror, a puppet show, community singing and other delights. The distribution of a mountainous pile of books and toys followed, but not before Mrs. Newcombe, with whom were the Mayor and Mayoress of St. Pancras, and Father J. J. Moore, vicar of St. Pancras, had addressed the children and told them of their kind hosts so many miles away who had thought of them in their night shelters, and had sent all these good things for their enjoyment. Only one thing was missing—that their hosts could not be present to witness the hearty enjoyment of their guests.—L.C.S.

DICKENS—ALL THE YEAR ROUND

By J. H. McNULTY

SOME books can be read with pleasure at all times, but are particularly appropriate reading at certain seasons. Chaucer is always associated with Spring, partly because he appeared in the springtime of English literature, and because it was in April that his pilgrims set out on their journey. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" gives its own date. "Hamlet" has a wintry setting and suggests December.

"The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
It is a nipping and an eager air."

Here is the bitter cold of mid-winter and the famous description of Christmas hints at the near approach of the festive season. Edgar Allan Poe is the poet of Winter: here are "the sledges with their bells," the "bleak December" of "The Raven," and the dank dark Autumn of "Ulalume."

Many of the works of Dickens have this seasonal charm, and surely the procession and the changes of the seasons, each with its own particular charm, is a good scheme for arranging our reading of these books.

January is usually one of the most trying months of the year. The weather is often at its worst, the days are short and dark, the festivities of Christmas are forgotten, and the promise of Spring not yet visible. We are generally suffering hard times, and the book most suitable to the general gloom is the book bearing that name. *Hard Times* is the least popular of Dickens's works, the ugly duckling, the unwelcome guest, the poor relation, nobody's favourite. If it is read, it is from a sense of duty, not for pleasure. Yet Ruskin said that in several respects it was the greatest work Dickens had written, but he wished that the novelist would limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement.

Ruskin is right in this; a system of education devoid of beauty, religion and affection, entirely devoted to what are called "Facts, facts, facts," a system which turned children into examination-passing machines, literally "heathen passees," would be a deadly, national calamity. A word can, however, be said in defence of exaggeration. Dickens's characters, however much exaggerated, are the most vivid personages in our literature. A novelist has very little to help him in his work. The dramatist has the assistance of the actor's voice and gesture; the composer the help of the whole orchestra; the painter all the colours of the rainbow; but the novelist, having nothing but pen and paper, some exaggeration, or to give it a better name, imagination, is needed.

February brings us hope, the days are lengthening, there is a touch of Spring in the air, and we have great expectations that the genial season will soon be with us. This then is the time for reading *Great Expectations* with hope as well as pleasure. This book is, perhaps, the most perfect of all his works, though not his greatest. It bears

the same relation to his longer and greater novels that "Julius Caesar" does to "King Lear"; one is almost perfect, but limited, the other faulty but stupendous.

March brings a real improvement and a great increase of light; so the fitting reading is the book that really did increase the light and laughter in the world, *The Pickwick Papers*. It is careless and formless; it almost failed and then achieved an immense success. However popular it was at its publication, no one could have foreseen the fame it would one day achieve. In March, 1936, at the Pickwick Centenary, an event occurred, absolutely unprecedented and almost unbelievable. A number of men and women drank the health of Mr. Pickwick, a purely fictional character, and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," to a person who never existed. The people who did this extraordinary thing were not lunatics. Among them was an Archbishop, a Viscountess, a Lord Mayor of London, an Ambassador, a distinguished actor, several poets and many men of letters. There was also a crowd of well-known and unknown persons, quite normal and commonsense people. You could not imagine such a thing being done for any other character in our literature. Fancy drinking the health of Colonel Newcombe or singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" to the "gloomy Dane." The idea's ridiculous, but with Mr. Pickwick it was different. When a book has passed such a test criticism is silenced. *Pickwick* is at the same time the most humorous and the most serious of all Dickens's books, for while it is full of laughter, it attacks nearly every evil attacked in the later novels. It also contains much wisdom, political and otherwise.

At the Eatanswill Election, Mr. Pickwick knew nothing of the Honourable Samuel Slumkey nor of Horatio Fitzkin, Esq., and nothing of the issues of the election; so he says: "It's always best on these occasions to do what the mob do."

"But suppose there are two mobs?" suggested Mr. Snodgrass.

"Shout with the largest," replied Mr. Pickwick. This piece of political wisdom has the added beauty of being ungrammatical. It is always a pleasure to find an author flouting the grammarians, and if he is sufficiently great or the piece sufficiently popular, he can do so with impunity. Longfellow's almost too popular poem "Excelsior" should be "excelsius," the adverb, not the adjective, but "Excelsior" it will remain. Kipling's "The tumult and the shouting dies" has been and can be defended, but the real defence of bad grammar is in Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." He describes an island with lakes covered with lily-pads under which lurked flashing pickerel "six pounds of ditto killed one morning for breakfast. Ego fecit. The divinity student looked as if he would like to question my Latin. 'No, sir,' I said—you need not trouble yourself. There is a higher law in grammar not to be put down by Andrews and Stoddart." "Ego fecit" might be translated "I done it."

For April and May, beautiful spring months, we might read *The Old Curiosity Shop*, of which a young girl in the springtime of life is

the heroine. *The Old Curiosity Shop* might serve as a title for all Dickens's works. They are all Curiosity shops, and the men and women some of the curious exhibits.

Barnaby Rudge, though different in so many ways, is a companion volume and should be read next. In one book a child passes through scenes of misery and vice shielded by her innocence and beauty; in the other a young man passes through scenes of far greater horror and is saved by his innocence, sincerity, and, in a measure, by his lunacy. If the *Old Curiosity Shop* is not such a good novel as some of the others, it may be read as a poem, parts of it are almost blank verse, or as fairy tale; Quilp has the strength of an ogre and the impish nature of a dwarf, and Sally Brass is a dragon.

In June the days are longest and the sun is highest in the sky, and at the end of the month the year is divided into two halves; so the book which appeared when Dickens was at his peak of greatness and which divides his work into two almost equal parts—*David Copperfield*—should be read. It is a fine point of criticism whether the books before or after are the greater. Personal preference may make us choose one or the other, but no final decision can be reached. It is like asking which is the more beautiful, the freshness and splendour of the morning or the glory of the golden afternoon. Readers of Browning will remember that when he had written "Men and Women" he closed this group of poems with "One Word More," having spoken through the mouths of his various heroes and heroines: he speaks now for himself. So here Dickens, who had spoken of the thoughts and actions of so many delightful and curious characters, now tells us a little of his own life. There are some who will always consider *David Copperfield* his greatest work, but many will dispute this. No one can decide, but all admit that it is among his greatest. It contains the magnificent storm at the death of Ham which Ruskin praised so highly. Those who object to talk about the weather should remember that some of the finest passages in Shakespeare, Ruskin and Dickens and many others are descriptions of weather, and that should be sufficient defence for the most fastidious.

August is the holiday month when we visit our mutual friend, the hotel or boarding-house keeper, or our friend at the tourist agency: so *Our Mutual Friend* seems to be the appropriate reading. Most great novels have very ordinary titles—mere labels, just the name of the nominal hero—"Waverley," "Pendennis," "Evan Harrington," and so on. It is usually the fifth-rate novels which have the interesting titles. Dickens too followed this custom, but twice he invented splendid titles—*Great Expectations* and *Our Mutual Friend*. Nothing could be better. This book with the ungrammatical name has saved us from using the correct but ambiguous expression "our common friend." It is a book of curious households. The kind, golden-hearted Boffins; then a little higher in the social scale, the Wilfers. Mrs. Wilfer is not so tearful as Mrs. Varden and not so talkative as Mrs. Nickleby, but she is terribly stately. Her timid rabbit-like husband is probably very proud of his dignified, but trying spouse. Her character

is well described in the phrase "Mrs. Wilfer pursued her dinner as if she were feeding somebody else on high public grounds." Compare this with Mr. Casby, who "disposed of an immense quantity of solid food with the benignity of a good soul who was feeding somebody else." Still higher in the social scale are the Veneerings, whose chief characteristic is that they are new. A newly discovered star is called a Nova, and we may think of the nova Veneering revolving round the superior luminary Podsnap. Podsnappery is patriotism gone sour, a virtue turned into a vice. It condemns what it dislikes as "Not English," and after this no defence is possible.

For September or October the right book is *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which begins on an afternoon in late autumn. First there is the fun of the introductory chapter and then that lovely scene. "It was pretty late in the autumn of the year when the declining sun, struggling through the mist which had obscured it all day, looked brightly down upon a little Wiltshire village, within an easy journey of the fair old town of Salisbury. Like a sudden flash of memory or spirit kindling up the mind of an old man, it shed a glory upon the scene, in which its departed youth and freshness seemed to live again. The wet grass sparkled in the light; the scanty patches of verdure in the hedges took heart and brightened up; the stream which had been dull and silent all day long broke out into a cheerful smile, the birds begun to chirp and twitter on the naked boughs as though the hopeful creatures half believed that winter had gone by and spring had come already . . ."

There are few things in Dickens more beautiful than the sudden change from the robustious fun of the introduction to the idyllic beauty of this autumn landscape. It reminds one in a way of those lines of Watson contrasting Marlowe with Shakespeare. He had been reading "Tamburlane the Great":

"Yon page being closed, my Shakespeare's let me ope,
How welcome—after gong and cymbal's dim
The continuity, the long low slope
And vast curves of the gradual violin."

Martin Chuzzlewit is a book of puzzles. Why did the public fail to appreciate this book, by far the greatest novel he had written at that time? Why were Americans offended at the picture of America when they ought to have been grateful to Dickens for making Pecksniff an Englishman? How did Dickens come to overlook the contradictory statements at the beginning of Chapter IV? Did Pecksniff, after taking leave of his cousin, remain in his home "three whole days," or did he "haunt the Dragon at all times and seasons in the day and night"?

One book is particularly appropriate for November reading. The one which opens with that superb description of a November fog—*Bleak House*—one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing in the whole of his works. It is a long book with an immense number of characters, but it has a unity greater than any of the longer novels. The law

binds the characters together; they nearly all live by the law or die by it, wax rich by it or are ruined, are masters or victims, from the Lord High Chancellor to the anonymous law writer, "Nemo." The book is a complete answer to those who think Dickens could not describe a gentleman. Sir Leicester Dedlock is a perfect gentleman, and his treatment of his unhappy wife a splendid example of his nobility. The book, too, is a warning to those who think they know the right ending of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. If Dickens had died after the death of Mr. Tulkinghorn, many would have been certain it was Lady Dedlock who killed him; probably no one would have guessed the real criminal.

There are some who think *Little Dorrit* the most gloomy of all the novels, and so it might be suitable reading for the gloomy month of December; but how a book which contains Flora Finching and Mr. F's aunt, to say nothing of the Barnacle family, can be really gloomy, it is difficult to see. Here may be inserted a little piece of advice to those who wish to encourage a love of literature among children and young people. It appeared some years ago in "The New Statesman." Lock up in the bookcase the classics, Dickens, Scott, etc. Tell the children these books are not for them, as they would not understand them. Then allow them to be read on some special feast or holiday. Above all, keep these books out of the schoolroom. In school only thrillers or books of adventure should be read and studied, the sentences parsed and analysed, and thus a lasting dislike produced, while the real books which have been obtained with difficulty will be loved and read. It sounds a drastic method but has much to commend it.

December is the month of Christmas; so we turn again to *The Pickwick Papers* and read the beautiful story of Gabriel Grub, the prelude to *A Christmas Carol*, the best of all the short stories, and perhaps some of the other Christmas books and stories. Above all, read again or for the first time a singularly beautiful piece, *The Christmas Tree*. And so the year closes, "the wheel has come full circle," and we leave Dickens in the season he loved so well; by linking his name with Christmas he has obtained that immortality of which we so confidently speak, and which is certainly his.

GREETINGS FROM OVERSEAS BRANCHES

(see pages 65, 105 and 116)

THE courage and fortitude shown by the citizens of London, and indeed all our home folk, in this great suffering has evoked the wonder and admiration of the whole world. A spirit like theirs is unconquerable, and we hope and pray that the time is not far distant when the forces of evil against which we fight will be utterly routed and the world made a better place to live in. And in the words of our mutual friend, Mark Tapley, "Let us keep up our spirits; everything will come out all right in the end, never fear!"—VANCOUVER.

* * * * *

THE sympathies of all our branch are with you, and all friends in England, during these terrible days of attack and destruction. EAST BAY.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS VISITED BY DICKENS AND HIS AMATEUR COMPANY

<i>Town and Date.</i>		<i>Theatre.</i>	<i>Plays Performed.</i>
BATH.			
Nov. 10	1851	Assembly Rooms.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
BIRMINGHAM.			
June 6	1848	Theatre Royal.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Animal Magnetism."
June 27	1848	Do.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "A Good Night's Rest."
May 13	1852	Town Hall.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
BRISTOL.			
Nov. 12	1851	Victoria Rooms, Clifton.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
Nov. 14	1851	Do.	Do.
DERBY.			
Aug. 25	1852	Lecture Hall.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," "Two O'clock in the Morning."
EDINBURGH.			
July 17	1848	Theatre Royal.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Love, Law and Physic," "Two O'clock in the Morning."
GLASGOW.			
July 18	1848	Theatre Royal.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Animal Magnetism."
July 20	1848	Do.	"Used Up," "Love, Law and Physic," "Two O'clock in the Morning."
LIVERPOOL.			
July 28	1847	Theatre Royal.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Turning the Tables," "Com- fortable Lodgings."
June 5	1848	Royal Amphitheatre.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Love, Law and Physic."
Feb. 13	1852	Philharmonic Hall.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
Feb. 14	1852	Do.	Do.
Sept. 3	1852	Do.	"Used Up," "Charles XII," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
MANCHESTER.			
July 26	1847	Theatre Royal.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Turning the Tables," "A Good Night's Rest."
June 3	1848	Do.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Animal Magnetism."
Feb. 11	1852	Free Trade Hall.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
Sept. 1	1852	Do.	"Used Up," "Charles XII," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
Aug. 21	1857	Do.	"The Frozen Deep," "Uncle John."
Aug. 22	1857	Do.	Do.

<i>Town and Date.</i>	<i>Theatre.</i>	<i>Plays Performed.</i>
NOTTINGHAM.		
Aug. 23 1852	Mechanics' Hall.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," "Two O'clock in the Morning."
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.		
Aug. 27 1852	Assembly Rooms.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," "Two O'clock in the Morning."
KNEBWORTH.		
Nov. 18 1850	In the Hall.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Animal Magnetism."
Nov. 19 1850	Do.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Turning the Tables."
Nov. 20 1850	Do.	Do.
SHEFFIELD.		
Aug. 30 1852	Music Hall.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
SHREWSBURY.		
May 10 1852	Music Hall.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
READING.		
Dec. 23 1851	Town Hall.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
SUNDERLAND.		
Aug. 28 1852	Lyceum Theatre.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."

MORE GREETINGS FROM OVERSEAS

(see pages 65, 103 and 116)

Our thoughts are with the members of the Fellowship at home during this anxious time. That you, the officers of the Fellowship, are continuing your work under such difficulties is a matter of gratification to us in this distant outpost of the Empire.—CHRISTCHURCH.

* * * * *

We are much concerned for you all and hope that the Dickens House may escape injury and that the Dickens Fellowship may be able to carry on. Everyone here admires the brave spirit and splendid morale of the London people, and we pray in our hearts that conditions may soon be easier for you. May God bless and help you.—ADELAIDE.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH six thousand miles from the scene of war, and about three thousand miles from the sea-coast, we realise the most difficult times through which you are passing, and send our sympathy. We continually offer our prayers for you all, and trust you may continue in your efforts to send us *The Dickensian* each quarter, one of the many links that bind us. There never was a time when we needed the spirit of Dickens more than now. The members desire me to express their sincere appreciation of the excellence of your recent numbers.—EDMONTON.

Just as we go to Press, we have received kindly greetings from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Hamilton Branches.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

Part Two

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS READINGS

BY WALTER DEXTER

I.

THE possibility of substantially aiding charitable objects, and in particular assisting the development of Working Men's Institutions, by giving Readings from his own works, suggested itself to Dickens during the provincial tour of "Not So Bad As We Seem" in 1852. The performances of this play for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art ended at Liverpool in September of that year and it is probable that Dickens dismissed from his mind ever again appearing in public as an actor.

In January, 1853, the Birmingham Society of Artists honoured Dickens by presenting him with a diamond ring, and a silver salver* inscribed "as a sincere testimony of their appreciation of his varied literary acquirements, and of the genial philosophy and high moral teaching which characterise his writings." At the banquet which followed the presentation, Dickens proposed the toast of "The Educational Institutions of Birmingham." The next day he wrote offering to give a reading of *A Christmas Carol* for the benefit of the fund for building the Birmingham and Midland Institute. "There would be some novelty in the thing, as I have never done it in public, though I have in private, and (if I may say so) with a great effect on the hearers."

The idea was enlarged upon during the succeeding months, and in the December, Dickens appeared three times at the Town Hall, Birmingham, reading *A Christmas Carol* on the first and third occasions, and *The Cricket on the Hearth* on the second. The repetition of the *Carol* was at the express wish of Dickens that one of his audiences should be composed of the working class and for this purpose admission to the greater part of the seating accommodation was fixed at sixpence.

The audiences were large and enthusiastic on each evening: especially on the last, when it numbered 2,500—"A more delicately observant audience it is impossible to imagine," wrote Dickens to Mrs. Watson. "They lost nothing, misinterpreted nothing, followed everything closely, laughed and cried with the most delightful earnestness, and animated me to that extent that I felt as if we were all bodily going up into the clouds together."

On the Saturday following the last reading, Dickens was entertained to breakfast at the Hen and Chickens Hotel, when Mrs. Dickens was presented with a silver flower stand: and to young Charles Dickens, Junior, a bronze inkstand. The following inscription was engraved upon the gift to Mrs. Dickens:

Presented to Mrs. Charles Dickens by the Committee of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, as a slight acknowledgement of

* Illustrated in *The Dickensian*, 1927, page 153.

the debt of gratitude due to her husband, for his generous liberality in reading his *Christmas Carol* and the *Cricket on the Hearth* to nearly six thousand persons, in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on the nights of December 27, 29, 30, 1853, in aid of the funds for the establishment of the Institute.

Charles Kent records that the nett proceeds of these three readings were over four hundred pounds.

In the December of the following year (1854) Dickens gave further readings for the benefit of three other institutions. The first was at Reading—where he had succeeded Talfourd as President of the Literary Scientific and Mechanics' Institution. Here he read *A Christmas Carol* on December 19th.

Incidentally we may mention that a further reading for the same object was given four years later, on November 8th, 1858, when Dickens broke his reading tour specially for this purpose. On this occasion he read *The Story of Little Dombey* and the *Trial Scene from Pickwick*.

The second reading of 1854 was at Sherborne two days after the one at Reading. This was given at the Literary Institution in aid of the Library Fund.

Exactly a week after Sherborne, Dickens read the *Carol* at Bradford in Yorkshire for the benefit of the Temperance Educational Institution there. The reading took place at St. George's Hall to the largest audience he had yet addressed, 3,700. In 1855 readings on behalf of various Mechanics' Institutions were spread over the year. On March 27th Dickens read the *Carol* to the railwaymen at Ashford.

The summer of this year was spent by Dickens and his family at Folkestone. During this visit he was prevailed upon to give a reading of the *Carol* for the joint benefit of the Literary Institution and the Working Men's Institution. The prices ranged from five shillings to three pence. The reading was given on Friday, October 5th, in the largest hall that could be found, a converted saw mills in the Dover Road (Dickens called it a Carpenter's Shop).

Further readings of the *Carol* were given in December of this year at the Mechanics' Hall in Sheffield on Saturday, the 22nd, and in the Wentworth Room at Peterborough on Tuesday, 18th, both in aid of the local Mechanics' Institutes.

On the conclusion of the former, Dickens was presented with a case of cutlery, a pair of silver fish carvers, and a pair of razors, all the product of local works.

The first reading in London was not until 1857, when Dickens read the *Carol* at the St. Martin's Hall—the scene of many later triumphs—for the benefit of the Jerrold Fund on June 30th, and a month later, for the same fund, Dickens made his first public appearance as a reader in Manchester.

The *Carol* was again read on two more occasions this year, the first on December 15th at the Corn Exchange in Coventry in aid of the Mechanics' Institute, and, on Boxing Day, in the new Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institute at Chatham.

This latter was the first of a series given by Dickens in his boyhood's town, in 1858, 1860, 1862, 1863, and 1865. Indeed, with two exceptions these were the only free readings given by Dickens after the commencement in 1858 of the reading tours on his own behalf.

The two exceptions were, first at Reading in November, 1858, already mentioned, and second, a series of three readings at the British Embassy in Paris in January, 1863.

Early in 1858 Dickens decided to commence a series of tours throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, for his own benefit, but before embarking on them he had to fulfil three promises. The first was to Bristol on January 19th, 1858, in aid of the funds of the Athenaeum. Then on March 26th, he read the *Carol* in Edinburgh for the funds of the Philosophical Institution, and on April 15th at the St. Martin's Hall in London on behalf of the Children's Hospital.

On nearly all these occasions Dickens made a short speech either before or after the Readings: the more important addresses have already been printed, but three uncollected speeches, at Manchester, Bristol and Edinburgh, will be found on pages 111-2 of this number.

On the opposite page will be found a list of the many Readings given by Dickens for the funds of Literary Institutes and various charities. We believe it is a complete account of all his activities in this direction. In subsequent articles we propose to present a similar list of all the Readings undertaken for his own benefit from 1858 to 1870. It will thus form the first complete record of this phase of Dickens's varied life. It is much to be regretted that Charles Kent, in his book "Charles Dickens as a Reader" (1872) failed so lamentably to present a complete record, although Dickens had placed one at his disposal in order to ensure that, to use Kent's own words, "an accurate record should be made of an episode in many respects so remarkable in the career of the most popular author of his generation."

In later articles we shall refer to the various errors and omissions; but in reference to our list we point out that Kent mentions in this category only the readings at Birmingham in 1853, Sheffield and Peterborough in 1855 (he erroneously gives the date of the former as December 22nd), London and Coventry in 1857, Edinburgh 1858, and the series of six at Chatham. He refers to the one in Edinburgh as "the last of all these non-professional readings." Curiously enough, not a word is said by Kent concerning the famous Reading on April 15th, 1858, in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children.



THE SECOND WAR-TIME BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

THE Toast to the Immortal Memory of Dickens was both proposed and drunk in silence at the Luncheon in London on February the seventh, by a very representative group of Dickensians, including members from Rochester and Birmingham. An admirable luncheon was served at a special long table in the restaurant of the Regent Palace Hotel, Piccadilly. The number attending exceeded all expectations, a sure proof of the value of the Fellowship for keeping friends together.

THE READINGS FOR CHARITY

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Object.</i>	<i>Reading.</i>
1853.			
Dec. 27	Birmingham, Town Hall.	Literary and Scientific Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
Dec. 29	Birmingham, Town Hall.	Literary and Scientific Institute.	<i>Cricket.</i>
Dec. 30	Birmingham, Town Hall.	Literary and Scientific Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
1854.			
Dec. 19	Reading, Institute.	Literary and Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
Dec. 21	Sherborne, Institute.	Literary Institution.	<i>Carol.</i>
Dec. 28	Bradford, St. George's Hall.	Temperance Education Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
1855.			
Mar. 27	Ashford.	Railway Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
Oct. 5	Folkestone, Saw Mill.	Harveian Society and Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
Dec. 18	Sheffield, Mechanics' Hall.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
Dec. 22	Peterborough, Wentworth Room.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
1857.			
June 30	London, St. Martin's Hall.	Jerrold Fund.	<i>Carol.</i>
July 31	Manchester, Free Trade Hall.	Jerrold Fund.	<i>Carol.</i>
Dec. 15	Coventry, Corn Exchange.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
Dec. 27	Chatham, Lecture Hall.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
1858.			
Jan. 19	Bristol, Athenaeum.	Athenaeum Funds.	<i>Carol.</i>
Mar. 26	Edinburgh, Music Hall.	Philosophical Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
April 15	London, St. Martin's Hall.	Hospital for Sick Children.	<i>Carol.</i>
Nov. 8	Reading, Institute.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Carol.</i>
Dec. 29	Chatham, Lecture Hall.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Dombey, Trial.</i>
1860.			
Dec. 18	Chatham, Lecture Hall.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Traveller, Boots, Gump.</i>
1862.			
Jan. 16	Chatham, Lecture Hall.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Copperfield.</i>
1863.			
Jan. 17	Paris, Embassy.	British Charitable Fund.	<i>Copperfield.</i>
Jan. 29	Paris, Embassy.	British Charitable Fund.	<i>Dombey, Trial.</i>
Jan. 30	Paris, Embassy.	British Charitable Fund.	<i>Carol, Trial.</i>
Dec. 15	Chatham, Lecture Hall.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Nickleby, Sawyer.</i>
1865.			
Dec. 19	Chatham, Lecture Hall.	Mechanics' Institute.	<i>Carol, Trial.</i>



MAD BARNABY



How much better to be silly, than to
 be stupid? You don't see the silly
 people there. But those that live to stay
 — not you. No you is the destined
 person of pain, and only those who
 know being, are as you have come to the
 end of your thinking in the day, are
 free!

* * * * *

When I talk of you, the other people
 say: "What says he? they? If they
 are made, why say so they look like
 him and the great men that, and with
 him and speak as he speak?"

* * * * *

Here a merry fellow, that shadow, and
 keeps close to me, though I am silly.
 We have such games, such words, such
 love, such friendship in the night! Some
 time will be half as old as a church
 steeple, and sometimes he says that I
 am!

* * * * *

No I have been alone! There have
 been great dark coming and going, when
 to me they, and then a time when — the
 spirit to creep through, whatever I would
 be, and light, shadows to fall down from, strange creatures, counted
 up together, and and, to sit upon the bed — that's sleep, is!

* * * * *

I said a moment ago you were as you are now. You're
 the old man. Were the bright ones, but they? I'm not changed,
 with you, there as you are, and I!

* * * * *

To mad! I don't like that. I like to be before the day, watching
 the prospect in the morning, when the sun, and the birds, in the
 deep, and sunset, and the wild flow.

* * * * *

If you want to see birds and mystery, come here. Look down
 there, do you mark how they waivered in each other's way, then
 down and up, to make where they are in short? — No you
 they what? And plunge. And now they stop again, and whisper
 mutually, together, with thinking mind, how often I have lain upon
 the grass and watched them. What is it that they plot and hatch?
 — They are only thinking," returned the guest, "such as we wear,
 hanging at their head to dry, and fluttering in the wind!"

* * * * *

If we had, thinking in our pockets, but a few specks of that gold
 which is paid us, once in the sky, we should be rich for life.

* * * * *

Let them be poor, what? You told me once, you, when I asked
 you what death meant, that it was nothing to be feared if we did it
 know. — I know — how do you know that?

DICKROSTICS

A New Puzzle by Walter Thomas requiring all the ingenuity needed in solving a cross-word, and dispensing with the necessity of providing a balanced design. The initials of the characters, places or incidents, given in the first place in the order in which Dickens wrote of them, when properly arranged, make a well known quotation from the works.

No. 1. Five words (3, 2, 2, 6, 6 letters). What a clock in a school hall said to a little pupil.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Three characters bear this name in <i>Pickwick</i> , one in <i>M.C.</i> , one in <i>A.N.</i> (6). | 11. What a comic pet name for a grown man! (5). (4th letter D) |
| 2. Appropriately a corrupt borough (10). | 12. Son of a professional gentleman "with a nose on one side," not a yachtsman (6). |
| 3. Miss Witherfield will never forget this town (7). | 13. Not a big river, but full of blood (10). |
| 4. A joy to Pickwick; an agony to Winkle (3). | 14. A devoted sister, but a neglected daughter (4). |
| 5. Proprietor of the "out-and-outer" bedstead (5). | 15. A Scotsman has left one of the U.S.A. to meet this lady (6). |
| 6. A partaker of Prince's mixture (10). | 16. A lazy tourist (4). |
| 7. He had a nose for a scent (7). | 17. <i>There's</i> another way of spelling this lady's name (6). |
| 8. A patient optimist (7). | 18. His other name was Dolge, "a clear impossibility" (6). |
| 9. The husband of "the dearest girl in the world" (8). | 19. A harmonious name for a blacksmith (6). |
| 10. Alias Jeeves (8). | |

No. 2. Four words (6, 5, 2, 7 letters). A truism of a hard-timer.
(all characters).

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Very susceptible, but never married (6). | 12. A foundling who refused to count five and twenty (10). |
| 2. You may find him <i>with cup</i> , but drink is not mentioned (7). | 13. Said to speak Italian like a native, if not even better (8). |
| 3. Once a burden on the rates (6). | 14. Ten, mate, is his name, not his number (7). |
| 4. A titled bird or prey (4). | 15. Like most stars, out of reach till the end (7). |
| 5. Four rows of buttons could not disguise him (8). | 16. Another letter would bring concord (6). |
| 6. The larger half of a title (7). | 17. A doctor without a degree (8). |
| 7. This sur-name became a Christian name (4). | 18. Known by the name of what he cleaned (5). (4th letter P) |
| 8. The woman with a ridiculous name (8). | 19. A threatened name (5). |
| 9. She wanted to be a lady (4). | 20. Migas would say, "Here's mysteries" (5). (5th letter D) |
| 10. A non-deserter (4). | |
| 11. Son of a partaker of glory (5). | |

(Answers to the Solutions will appear in the next number.)

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

VI.—MANCHESTER, 31st JULY, 1857

[At the conclusion of the Reading of the *Carol* at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in aid of the Jerrold Fund, on the above date, Dickens announced his intention of presenting the Play "The Frozen Deep" also for the same fund. Reprinted from the "Manchester Guardian," of August 15th, 1857.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Between the two parts of my reading to-night I have had the honour of receiving a visit from some of the gentlemen distinguished in England, as being the leading men in this city, who have had the kindness to request that I would endeavour to bring my amateur company here—(loud applause and cries of "Yes, yes!")—in order that we might give a repetition in Manchester for the same purpose as we have met to-night, of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Frozen Deep."—(Applause.) I replied to those gentlemen, that we have no intention of going to any other place out of London, our object now drawing to a close; but that we have too lively a remembrance of the old generosity and encouragement of Manchester in similar cases, and too affectionate a

memory of the happy nights we have passed here, to admit of our doubting for a moment as to what we should do. I will make it my duty to go into the necessary calculations and details; and if I find that with any reasonable prospect of benefit to the object we have in view, we can come here, we shall most certainly do it.—(*Loud applause.*) Cheered by the prospect, and I may say the hope, of seeing you again before very long, allow me to thank you most heartily for your cordial reception and kind welcome this evening.”—(*Loud applause.*)

VII.—BRISTOL, 19TH JANUARY, 1858

[Prior to the Reading at the Athenæum, in aid of funds for that Institution, Dickens addressed the audience, The following report is from the “Bristol Times,” January 23rd, 1858.]

Mr. Dickens . . . at the close of the applause, in a few unaffected words explained the course which he intended to pursue. First of all he would inform them that he always allowed an interval of five minutes to elapse as nearly as possible when half-way through the *Carol*, as the natural division of the story would allow of. Secondly, if as they proceeded, any one of his audience should feel disposed to give vent to any feeling of emotion, he would request them to do so in the most natural manner, without the slightest apprehension of disturbing him. Nothing could be more agreeable to him than the assurance of their being interested, and nothing could be more in accordance with his wishes than that they should all for the next two hours make themselves as much as possible like a group of friends, listening to a tale told by a winter fire, and forget all ceremonies and form in the manner of their coming together.—(*Loud applause.*)

VIII.—EDINBURGH, 26TH MARCH, 1858

[At the Reading of the *Carol* in the Music Hall, in aid of the funds of the Philosophical Institution, Dickens addressed his audience before commencing the Reading. The following extract is taken from the “Scotsman” of the next day.]

Mr. Dickens began by observing that on occasions when he had the honour of reading this little book to a public audience, he was accustomed to begin with two remarks—the first, that he would pause for a few minutes about half-way through; and second, that if as he proceeded they should feel disposed to give expression to any little emotion awakened by the story, he begged they would do so in the most natural way possible, and without the least apprehension of disturbing him—(*laughter*). Nothing could be more agreeable to him than to receive any assurance that they were interested, and nothing could be more in accordance with his wishes than that they should make themselves as like as possible to a small group of friends assembled to hear a tale told, and that they should at once forget everything ceremonious or formal in the manner of their coming together—(*applause*).

At the close of the Reading, Dickens was presented with a Silver Christmas or wassail cup, his speech in acknowledgement is included in the published collection of the Speeches.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

THE MARCH OF LITERATURE

Exactly how great was the influence of Smollett on Dickens it is difficult to estimate. It is usual to say that the *Pickwick Papers* is almost an imitation of 'Humphry Clinker'. That may be the case; but it would be almost as reasonable to consider that the fact that both books record a great deal of travel and the other fact that the *Pickwick Papers* being published in parts was of necessity entirely episodic—that these two facts gave to Dickens's first book an aspect of resemblance to Smollett's last that was merely accidental. There is, obviously, a certain kinship between Smollett's benefactors like Matthew Bramble, and Dickens's Cheeryble Brothers or the Mr. Jarndyce of *Bleak House*. And there is a slight kinship, too, between the writer's mood in *Copperfield* and the general mood of Smollett—and a great deal more still in the case of *Great Expectations*, which is Dickens's last and by far most serious novel. Indeed, except that Dickens was by far the greater prose writer, whole passages of that book might very well have been written by Smollett at his most grim.

Let us consider Dickens, Balzac and Thackeray, three novelists running neck and neck with one another in the matter of time and not singularly different in their approach to life and their works. You might say that all three, as far as incident goes, keep, at any rate in their best novels, within a reasonable scale of incident. They deal as a rule neither with war, conquest, passion, nor yet with crime. The most brutal incident in any of their works is the murder of Nancy by Bill Sikes and the subsequent death of Sikes himself, though actually the assault on the Marquis of Steyne by Rawdon Crawley is an affair even more startling. . . . You always know beforehand what Dickens will do with the fraudulent lawyer on whose machinations hang the fate of a score of his characters; you always know beforehand how Balzac will deal with the million-franc financial crises with which his pages are scattered; and you always know beforehand the sort of best-club comment that Thackeray in his own person will supply for every twenty pages or so of his characters' actions. There is no surprise.

In the matter of form once they have got into the saddle none of these great writers who were not great artists is strikingly good, and Dickens at least is excruciatingly bad.

The claim of 'founder of the realistic school' might just as well go to Dickens or Thackeray, for Dickens at least had a real knowledge of the real undersides of life and Thackeray a genius for projecting the lives and characters of the comfortable that could only have been granted to one born comfortable, and of genius. The great books of both men—and they are indeed 'great' books in the sense that the 'Divine Comedy' and the 'Greater Testament' are great—'Vanity Fair,' then, and *Great Expectations*, are great because they are infused with the views of life of two writers who have lived intensely, who have known real griefs, and who have attained to wealth and celebrity at the expense of disillusionment. They are not, that is to say, works founded on any conventional scheme of ethics and they propound no conventional solutions of evils; they are simply records, that from time to time attain to the height of renderings, of life transfused by

the light of their writers' temperaments as modified by their vicissitudes. In that sense, both of them are of the school of Jane Austen and Stendhal, and both, as far as those two books are concerned, may properly be called, in the quite technical sense, realists.

"In their earlier works both were influenced by the Spanish picaresque writers and their English followers—Dickens in the mere shape of his tales, Thackeray by his taste for rogues. *Pickwick* is an even more infantilely benevolent 'Humphry Clinker,' servants' soirées at Bath and all, and might indeed have been called 'The Adventures of Samuel Weller' quite as appropriately as the *Private Papers of the Pickwick Club*. But Thackeray's first book that, except for the quite immature 'Catherine,' was not a mere reprint or remanipulation of articles from papers and magazines . . . 'Barry Lyndon,' then, published in 1844, is a direct pastiche after the manner of Fielding's 'Jonathan Wild' and . . . it is much more sinister.

"But if they bore 'Vanity Fair' with equanimity, the reception of *Great Expectations* was a quite other pair of shoes. The reviews fought shy of mentioning it; it was hush-hushed in such general conversations as the comfortable devoted to books; young ladies reclining on their couches to take their post-prandial reads counselled each other to avoid it. In official corners here and there it was even said, under the breath, that this was socialism."—"The March of Literature from Confucius to Modern Times," by Ford Madox Ford. (Allen and Unwin.)

* * * * *

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

"'Bentley's Miscellany,' edited by Charles Dickens, made its proprietor rich on the fiction of its editor.

"Dickens declined to publish in *Household Words* Harriet Martineau's 'The Missionary' because it was favourable to Roman Catholics.

"And the criticism of Dickens was hardly more flattering than that of Trollope. Although the first volume of Forster's life of the novelist was reviewed with praise for both Dickens and his biographer, Morley seemed to feel that the subject needed a more dispassionate treatment; for, soon after, there appeared an article by Lewes not at all in keeping with the popular feeling about Dickens. Although Dickens's virtues were admitted, the admission was made so obliquely that it must have offended many. Since the novelist's vices, said Lewes, were so common and so patent to critics, there must be, because of his great popularity, some essential excellence in the man's work. 'It is clear, therefore,' he said, 'that Dickens had powers which enabled him to triumph in spite of the weaknesses which clogged them; and it is worth inquiring what these powers were, and their relation to his undeniable defects.'

"Dickens, Lewes pointed out, had an imagination of marvellous vividness, and an emotional, sympathetic nature capable of furnishing that imagination with elements of universal power. All human experience became individualized in his types; images and names were so suggestive that they seemed to express what they recalled. 'and Dickens was held to have depicted what his readers supplied.' But his figures were merely masks, not characters; they were 'personified characteristics, caricatures and distortions of human nature. . . . It may be said of Dickens's human figures that they are wooden and run on wheels.' Dickens seized upon the situations 'having an irresistible hold over the domestic affections and ordinary sympathies.

He spoke in the mother tongue of the heart, and was always sure of ready listeners.'

"Lewes explained how certain biases of criticism had affected most views of Dickens as a literary artist. The bias of opposition had led some critics to a purely destructive criticism of Dickens; the bias of technical estimate had led some to charge him with the breach of purely factitious technicalities; and the combination of these prepossessions had caused others to overlook in Dickens the great artistic powers that had been proved by his immense success. But the article ended with some rather heavy charges. Thought, said Lewes, was strangely absent from the works of Dickens.

'I do not suppose a single thoughtful remark on life or character could be found throughout the twenty volumes. Not only is there a marked absence of the reflective tendency, but one sees no indication of the past life of humanity having ever occupied him. Keenly as he observes the objects before him, he never connects his observations into a general expression, never seems interested in the general relations of things. Compared with that of Fielding or Thackeray, his was merely an *animal* intelligence, i.e. restricted to perceptions.'

"Lewes, of course, was considering Dickens chiefly as a critical problem; and consequently there was absent from his article any general consideration of the social aspects of Dickens's works. But the implication of social irrelevance sits rather restlessly upon the author of *Hard Times*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist*. Forster was not at all pleased by Lewes's criticism, which he thought important enough to reply to in an ensuing volume of the 'Life.'—"The Party of Humanity: the Fortnightly Review and its Contributors, 1865-1874," by E. M. Everett. (Univ. of N. Carolina Press.)

* * * * *

BRITISH SOCIALISM

"There was no need for him [Feargus O'Connor] to descend from any scientific heights to the madding crowd, nor was it necessary for them to make any effort to understand him. Charles Kingsley's O'Flynn in 'Alton Locke' is not a bad representation of O'Connor, while Charles Dickens's labour leader, Slackbridge, in *Hard Times*, is rather too much of a caricature of the same personality.

"The cash nexus appeared not only unable to replace the old social bonds, but to aggravate the hostility which 'the profit-and-loss philosophy' was engendering. 'We call it a society and go about professing the totallest separation, isolation.' And Dickens puts into the mouth of Stephen Blackpool, the hero of *Hard Times*, the inarticulate wail, 'It is all confusion.'

"First effects of Chartism on Literature: 'The Northern Star' gave, in 1837, long extracts from Dickens's *Oliver Twist*.

"Finally the Anti-Corn Law agitators redoubled their activities and roused the people to the miseries brought about by the taxes on bread. A gloomy social atmosphere was created, which lasted for several years and in which Thomas Hood wrote 'The Cry of the Children,' Carlyle 'Past and Present,' Dickens the Christmas Books, Disraeli 'Sybil.' There were many who believed England to be on the brink of a social revolution, whilst others hoped for a moral regeneration through Christianity."—"A History of British Socialism," by M. Beer. (Allen and Unwin.)

"So it is with the modern novels, as compared with the slowly unfolded pictures of life which we have in the standard writers of the last century. Some people are now inclined to leave these books undisturbed, though in high honour, on their shelves; but if you take down one of the great books of the early nineteenth century on which their fathers doted—say one of Dickens's novels or Victor Hugo's—and lay yourself out to enjoy it with an open mind, you will make some interesting discoveries. One is precisely the point on which this epilogue is being written. Take *Dombey and Son*, though almost any other of Dickens would answer the same purpose, and, as you read, you will be feeling all the time that we are now living out, and trying to make actual and general, the kindliness, the care for simple people, the love of children, the hatred of pomp and selfishness that breathe through all his writings. We believe that Mr. Squeers and Dr. Blimber and Miss Pipchin are now extinct, and enjoy them rather as curiosities than as living monsters, because Dickens, speaking for the rising tide of humanity and of common sense a hundred years ago, has swept them into the museum."—"The Modern World," by F. S. Marvin. (Longmans.)

* * * * *

MANCHESTER

"... by 1844 the magnificent Manchester Poor-Law Schools at Swinton ('in the Tudor style of architecture') were already in operation. During the next few years, the Swinton Schools received much praise from the *Guardians*, the Poor Law Commissioners, and even from Charles Dickens—*Household Words*, 13th July, 1850."*

"Some interesting sidelights on the scope and character of the new Library may be gathered from the elaborate annual report presented by Edwards in 1853. 'Mr. Dickens's Christmas story, *The Chimes*, was most frequently issued; *Oliver Twist* and *Dombey* were not in such great demand.'"—"The History of Local Government in Manchester," by A. Redford. Vol. II. (Longmans.)



MORE GREETINGS FROM OVERSEAS

(see pages 65, 103, and 105)

THE reports that come to us of how everyone is carrying on in London and in other parts of England under continual bombing fill us with the greatest admiration for the people of the Motherland. We know we cannot even imagine how it would be to live day by day under such conditions, and all the other anxieties and extremities of a people at war, but our thoughts do go out to you, and the Montreal Branch of the Dickens Fellowship sends a heartfelt greeting of "courage and good cheer" to the members in England.—MONTREAL.

* * * * *

ALL Americans are admiring the brave spirit of you English people, for the courage and fortitude with which you are meeting life during these trying times. We are very happy to see that *The Dickensian* is still being published every quarter, full of interest and courage to carry on as usual. Our daily prayers are with you always.—LOS ANGELES.

* The Contributors' Book gives the author of the article "Day at a Pauper Palace" as "Mr. Taylor."—(EDITOR.)

WHO—



1. Had a good leg and was a little vain of it.
2. Could make a boat out of anything, from a skewer upwards.
3. Was a stout gentleman, imperfectly repressed by a belt.
4. Looked like a man might, who, in the very act of smacking his lips over choice old wine, tried to make believe it was physic.
5. Sitting in a quiet nest of waste paper, drank coffee all the evening, and dictated at intervals to her eldest daughter.
6. Eschewed gloves, and looked upon the whole, something like a dissipated Robinson Crusoe.
7. Sometimes caused his boots to creak, as if they laughed in a dry suspicious way.
8. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more.
9. Had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two.
10. Was always keeping appointments in the city and the other man never seemed to come.
11. If she had ever smiled, would have been like an angel—but she never smiled.
12. Appeared ill at ease in his clothes, as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.
13. Might have been taken to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculanaeum without disarranging a fold of her dress or displacing a pin.
14. Had a bald head, highly polished ; a deep voice ; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases.
15. Unwilling to own to the name of Reginald, as being too aspiring and self-assertive a name. In his signature he used only the initial R., and imparted what it really stood for, to none but chosen friends, under the seal of confidence.
16. Said grace ; a short and pious grace, invoking a blessing on the appetites of those present, and committing all persons who had nothing to eat, to the care of Providence.
17. Cried " Gracious !" and then " Goodness gracious !" and then " Goodness gracious me !" and then candle in hand, went down stairs.
18. Appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who appeared to transact *his* business by keeping his eye on the coach maker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist.

Answers will be found in the next number.)

THE STREETS OF LONDON

THE streets of London have a special significance at the present time, when they are suffering so much from wanton onslaught from the air; the book bearing this title by the modern historian of London's people* is a worthy successor to the two volumes bearing the same title written by John Thomas Smith more than a century ago; but it has one great advantage; it is profusely illustrated by about one hundred contemporary prints, the absence of which is a peculiar failing of Smith's book, although its author was the keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum.

Here is the vast literature of London boiled down and fascinatingly presented in four parts, the two final chapters, "Corinthian and Victorian" and "Within Memory," being as chock full of Dickensian London as old Sol Gills's head was said to be of science. It is a worthy addition to our London shelf.

This generation has never known the streets of London as Dickens knew them; yet the memories remain; and will remain, no matter what becomes of the buildings which go to make up the famous thoroughfares through which Dickens walked, and where his characters had their life. The two-mile stretch between the Bank and Tottenham Court Road which, as all the world now knows, has suffered very badly in places, has been almost entirely rebuilt since the days of Dickens; but that has not prevented our enjoyment of the teeming associations with which Poultry, Cheapside, Newgate Street and New Oxford Street abound. For our own part, we can never cross at the Bank without giving a thought to the building near that end of Lombard Street on the site of the bank over which the Beadnell family lived; or to the successor to Smith, Payne and Smiths' where Tony Weller cashed the cheque for £530, "the balance of the second Mrs. Weller's funded savings." Have we not enjoyed to the full the association of Poultry and Cheapside with the tavern possessing the table with the very ill-convenient leg in the middle, which proved Sam's knowledge of London to be both extensive and peculiar? Have we not often seen, in our mind's eye, Carker the Manager riding his bay horse up Cheapside? Do we not linger about St. Martin's-le-Grand, although changed out of all knowledge, to recall that here Mr. Pickwick took his "bob's worth" to the Golden Cross, and made the first recording in his note book of the driver's wonderful story of the longevity of his horse, which "The Times" thought sufficiently good to print in full in its columns a few days after publication? And have we not often accompanied Sam and his master along Newgate Street to hear the former tell afresh that remarkable story of the meat-pie vendor and his wonderful "never-leavin'-off-sassage-steam-ingin"?

Furnivals Inn and the Bull, where Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig nursed turn and turn about, have been gone these forty years and more; yet their departure has not lessened the interest which their mere sites possess for us this day, and will continue to possess even if the present buildings were to be blown to smithereens. Luckily they have escaped damage so far. Other Dickens landmarks of a similar nature have been badly damaged; yet to us their memory will always be enshrined in the buildings that will rise again, for the second or

* "The Streets of London," by Thomas Burke. Illustrated. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

third time in Phoenix-like fashion. London has changed ; London is always changing, and will continue to change ; but history is all abiding ; the publishers' warehouses, around Paternoster Row, may be wiped out one week-end, but before the next one dawns they are found sprouting up vigorously in other places. The spirit of the streets of London is immortal.—W.D.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

"Life is Sweet, Brother," by Bernard Darwin. Illustrated. Chap. 11, "A Little Dickens" (noticed on page 59, Winter Number). Collins, 12s. 6d.

"The Streets of London," by Thomas Burke. Illustrated. (See page 118). Batsford, 10s. 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"The Psychology of Dickens," by Robert Hamilton. "The Weekly Review," December 12th.

"Charles Dickens and Livingstone," by Rev. J. G. Bowran. "Christian World," December 19th.

"The Faceless Man of Cooling Castle." "Kent Messenger", December 28th.

"The Christmas Spirit," by J. J. Kelly. "Evening Herald," (Dublin), December 20th.

"Dickens was man of real charity," by C. J. Woollen. "Universe," December 27th.

"Feasts and Parties," by E. H. J. "Christian World," December 26th.

A Christmas Carol, reviewed by Bernard Darwin. "St. Martin's Review," December, 1940.

"Alexander Snodgrass of Bath." "Bath Chronicle," December 14th.

"Nobody's Story," by J. A. B. "Church Times," December 20th.

"Christmas and Company," by Ivor Brown. "Manchester Guardian," December 21st.

"The Religion of Charles Dickens," by Rev. Geo. Pegler. "Birkenhead Advertiser," December 28th.

"Mr. Squeers in Ireland," by David Kennedy. "Irish Times." January 1st.

"The Squeers Axis," by W.C.B. "Birmingham Post," January 15th.

"Scrooge Goes to Church," by T. H. Elstob. "Freethinker," January 12th.

A KISS FOR THE BOOFER LADY

THE Nottingham Branch, always to the fore with good deeds, hearing of the wanton attack upon the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, was prompt in sending them a donation of twenty-five pounds.



MR. WILLIAM MILLER, to whom we referred in our last number, reports his safe arrival in Boston, where he has lectured to the Branch, and also, by special invitation, to the Authors' Club.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Drawn by]

[Ed. F. Payne

SIXTH OCTOBER 1902

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

May the shade of Charles Dickens forbid that I should seem guilty of abating one jot or tittle of the Dickensian honours of my old friends, Mr. William Miller and Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross; but, as a matter of fact, they are not, as you state, the only survivors of the inaugural meeting of the Dickens Fellowship, on October 6th, 1902, who have remained members ever since.

For I also was present on that occasion, and was even compelled to indulge in some flambouyant oratory in Boz's honour. Alas! I have been young and now am old; and I couldn't do it now. I suspect that that is the reason that I am unwilling to be forgotten in the records of that memorable evening.

With all warmest good wishes to you all,

Yours in unbroken loyalty to "the immortal memory,"

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Highgate, N.6.

December 12th, 1940.

[I offer my apologies to our Past President for the inadvertent omission of his name from page 64 of the last number. It is pleasant to have received such a cheery note from him. There was another omission in the same paragraph. Mr. J. W. T. Ley was Secretary of this magazine for its first five years, and is therefore, with Mr. Miller, a survivor of the original Dickensian committee.—EDITOR.]

A DICKENS EXAMINATION

(Answers to Questions on page 4)

1, Dr. Haggage; 2, Sophy Crewler; 3, In Rochester; 4, Jefferson Brick; 5, Mrs. Quilp; 6, In "Monthly Magazine"; 7, Mr. Johnson; 8, Blathers and Duff; 9, Dr. Slammer; 10, Housemaid; 11, Littimer; 12, Gradgrind; 13, *Sketches by Boz*; 14, Dennis; 15, Mrs. Lupin; 16, The Marchioness; 17, Chevy Slyme; 18, At Brighton; 19, 9th June, 1870; 20, A. Caul; 21, Aquiline; 22, Benjamin Britain; 23, Mr. Waterbrook; 24, Ely Place, Holborn; 25, Harriet Beadle; 26, Nicholas Nickleby; 27, United Bull-Dogs; 28, Spenlow; 29, At Muddleton; 30, Landlord of an inn of that name; 31, Richard Upwitch; 32, Bleeding Heart Yard; 33, Brother-in-law; 34, Mr. Tope; 35, At Limehouse; 36, Jerry Cruncher; 37, The Barnacles; 38, Mr. Gridley; 39, Robin Toodle; 40, A detective; 41, Toughy; 42, Pubsey & Co.; 43, Hiram; 44, Major Bagstock's black servant; 45, The French guest at Mr. Podsnap's; 46, Fledgeby; 47, Bailey Junior; 48, Captain Swosser.